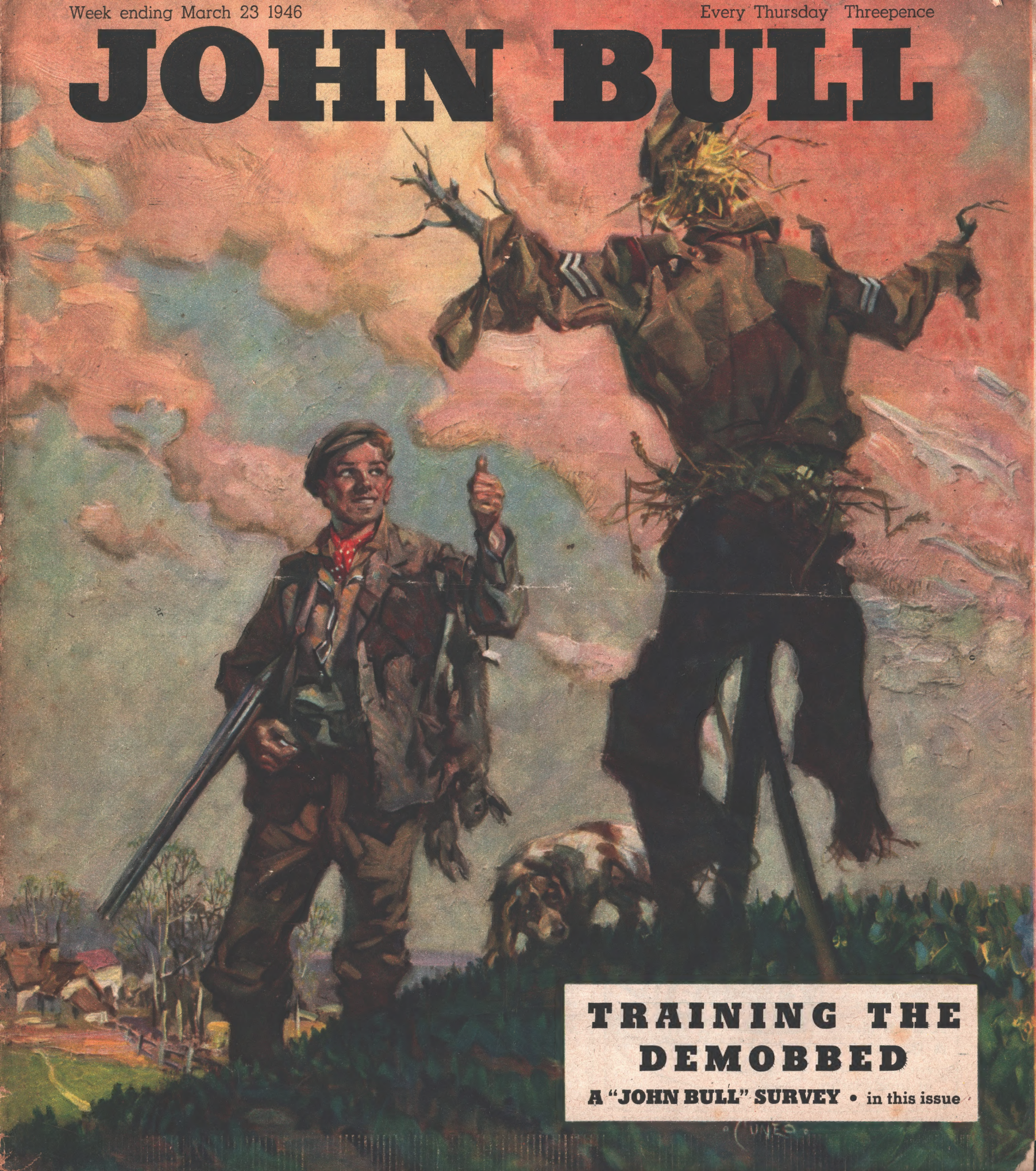
Week ending March 23 1946 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



TRAINING THE DEMOBBED

A "JOHN BULL" SURVEY • in this issue

Proved and approved

- It is recognised and accepted that vegetable oil is unequalled for preventing and eliminating dryness of the scalp.
- Nufix base is made with vegetable oil.
- For a well-groomed appearance and to maintain the hair and scalp in a healthy condition Nufix is unsurpassed.

NUFIX
Dressing for the Hair

Supplies are limited

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan

HARPIC

4396-1 Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., London & Hull

"What does he say?"

"Poor dear, he's had a nasty sore place behind his knee but it's better now—he says that Dettol Ointment is wonderful stuff."

Pye + Vision that's TELEVISION

Engineers of vision — vision in its double sense — have been achieving remarkable results in the Pye laboratories at Cambridge. They have applied a high degree of imagination to their scientific skill. *Their vision will be your television.*

PYE LTD., RADIO WORKS, CAMBRIDGE

PESTROY

destroys all insect pests

Pestroy is the safe insect powder incorporating DDT/GEIGY. In Great Britain, some of the most notable tests of this new scientific method of pest-destruction were carried out in the Bob Martin Research Laboratories. In every case the result was the complete destruction of all insects.

HOUSEHOLD USE: Pestroy kills insect pests, wherever found — moths, bugs, cockroaches, earwigs, ants, wood lice, etc.

DOGS, CATS: the powder rids them of fleas, lice and ticks.

BIRDS AND POULTRY: banishes red mite, and fleas from plumage, from cages and from poultry houses. Pestroy is made by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Lancs., and is obtainable in 7½d. drums from all Chemists and Corn Merchants.

The ship that crosses the ocean is a link in the chain of future world unity. Forged into this mighty chain is the vital link of the Co-operative Movement. It expresses the practical idealism of the common peoples of the world and serves as a foundation stone for a permanent peace.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY, LTD.

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freedom at all times

Step out — with confidence, no matter the date! Tampax is safer, surer, more hygienic. You can do what you like and *wear* what you like — here's freedom of action *all the time!* Tampax is worn internally, Tampax is quite invisible, Tampax is so *convenient*. And each one is contained in its own individual applicator, *ensuring perfect* cleanliness.

TAMPAX

No Belts • No Pins • No Pads

Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Middx.

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

(figures taken from Annual Report just published)

CLAIMS PAID in 1945	£11,524,619
ADDITION TO FUNDS in 1945	£7,985,706
TOTAL FUNDS	£144,793,930

REVERSIONARY BONUSES declared for 1945 in both Branches (the bonus for 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944 also being continued in the form of reversionary bonuses):—

ORDINARY BRANCH — £1 per £100 sum assured on policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH — Amounts appropriate to the classes and dates of the policies concerned. £11,318,836 has now been allocated in bonuses in the Industrial Branch up to date, £3,590,193 having been allocated on this occasion.

HOME SERVICE TO POLICYHOLDERS

This was maintained throughout 1945 in spite of the absence of a large number of the staff on National Service. The Company looks forward to an extension of Home Service now that many of these trained representatives are returning.

Chief Offices: High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

President and Chairman: Sir George Tilley, F.C.I.I.

A DAB *plus* **A BRUSH** equals lashings of lovely lather

SV 1378-621 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's" . . .

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

N.C.C.567C

Now
you are able to radio
pictures half-price
OR LESS!

Cable and Wireless Ltd. are happy to announce reductions in the rates for overseas phototelegraphy, ranging from 50% to 80%. For example, the cost of sending a press photograph of 150 square centimetres to or from any Empire terminal is now £3 instead of £10; and the cost of sending a commercial or personal photograph of the same size is £5 instead of £10. Once again Cable and Wireless have demonstrated their consistent policy of development and rate reduction.

CABLE AND WIRELESS

PIONEERS OF CHEAP COMMUNICATIONS

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

A NEW HOUSE IS BEING BUILT

Choose
METROVICK
COSMOS LAMPS

METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO. LTD., NUMBER ONE KINGSWAY, LONDON

MV/118

THAT QUICK LONG-LASTING LATHER

makes tough beards a soft job for the razor

7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

Selling Agents LEVER SALES LIMITED

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MURPHY comes back to civvy street

And it is nice to be back! We're getting sets out as fast as we can—but not fast enough. They're pretty good sets, better in lots of ways than pre-war models. We learned a few things in the war too! Have a chat with your Murphy Dealer and see what the chances are.

MURPHY RADIO Ltd., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS

C.R.C.181

Junket in a Jiffy!

IN MANY DAINTY AND APPETISING FORMS

ALWAYS keep a tube of "DAIRY BRAND" Junket and a recipe leaflet handy. Follow the instructions and in a few minutes you can delight the family and guests with a sweet containing all the proteins, food minerals and vitamins of milk in an easily digested form.

9D. *TUBE makes 6 pints—a choice of six fruit flavours or plain "DAIRY BRAND" Junket Rennet in 9d. bottle makes 24 pints.*

POINTS FREE.

It's DELICIOUS...
It's NUTRITIOUS...
It's DAIRY JUNKET!

DAIRY BRAND JUNKET

A Product of FULLWOOD & BLAND LTD. (*Est.* 1785.)

Write for recipes to Sole Distributors:

G. HAVINDEN LTD., 71 BAKER ST., London, W.1

FIRST Class First Aid on the Playing Field! Place the yellow antiseptic pad on the wound; stretch the fabric base slightly, press down the adhesive Elastoplast edges all round. The wound is dressed; the dressing is comfortable. There should be a tin of Elastoplast in every first-aid kit. Better supplies soon.

Elastoplast
TRADE MARK

In RED tins 6d.- & 1/- from Chemists

ELASTIC · ADHESIVE · ANTISEPTIC

Made ONLY by T. J. SMITH & NEPHEW LTD., NEPTUNE STREET, HULL

For men in a hurry!

WARDONIA BLADES
FOR BETTER SHAVES

John White
FOOTWEAR

The signature borne by millions of pairs of Service footwear during the war years, will ensure comfort and satisfaction in wear in the days of peace—look for the name

MEN'S BOX CALF OXFORD SHOE

JOHN WHITE *(Impregnable Boots)* LTD · HIGHAM FERRERS · NORTHANTS

PASSPORT TO REAL HOOVER SERVICE!

If you want efficient service without inflated charges, let no one but an Authorised Hoover Service man adjust your Cleaner. Each carries his personal Hoover identification card. You can trust him. Fill in and post the coupon below if you want him to call.

As new Hoover Cleaners become available, they will be allocated to dealers immediately and sold at PRE-WAR prices (plus Purchase Tax).

HOOVER LTD. (C. 224) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

▶ MY HOOVER NEEDS SERVICE!

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ADDRESS .....

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EVERYDAY

FIELD-DAY
BRUSHLESS SHAVE

starts the day for thousands

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR SOLE

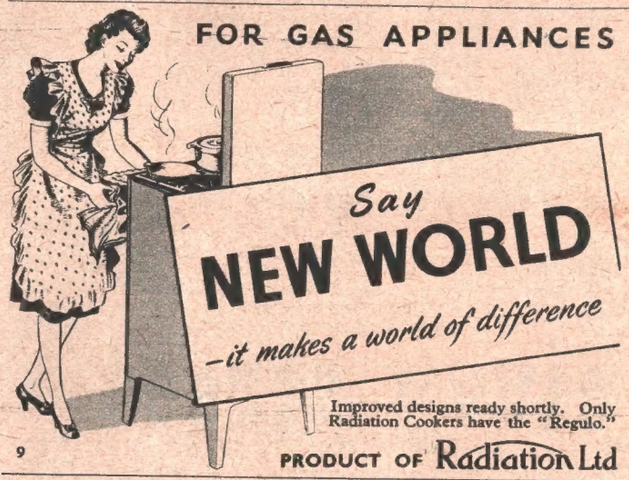
The World supply of hides is insufficient to satisfy all demands, which include those of liberated countries; war wastages everywhere have been on a serious scale.

Therefore Britain may not have adequate supplies of leather for some time.

When you walk on good British Leather you will not hesitate to agree that it is at least as good as ever.

The United Tanners Federation, 8 St. Thomas St., London, S.E.1

E.W.G.



FOR GAS APPLIANCES

Say NEW WORLD –it makes a world of difference

Improved designs ready shortly. Only Radiation Cookers have the "Regulo."

9

PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd

"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Now available everywhere 3d.

MARS CONFECTIONS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

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SOFT . . .
SOFTER . . .

SOFTEX

Toilet Tissue

IN ROLLS OR IN INTER-LEAVED SHEETS

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT
LONDON, W.1

CRAVEN 'A'
For your throat's sake

10 FOR 1/2
20 FOR 2/4

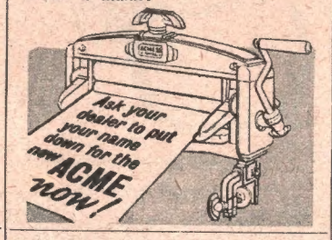
CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

C.A. 1216

Of course we're looking forward to new pretty clothes–

But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes and make them last. My bet's an Acme. No hard work for me, and no wash-day wear and tear for my clothes either. Mother's keeping all her curtains and blankets till our dealer tells us our Acme's come, because she knows from experience that only with an Acme will she get that perfect cleanliness and finish she desires. Blankets or my "pretties" — she says they're all one to an Acme!

Mother — and you — won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day — your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen — or do see now — about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



Confident Motherhood

Before Baby comes you make many preparations. Even in these austere days it is not difficult to knit pretty, dainty things.

So too you prepare for the possibility that you *may* not be able to feed him yourself. Well, in that case you will not hesitate. In those all important first weeks, only the best is good enough for *your* babe.

Your doctor will tell you you cannot go wrong with COW & GATE Milk Food. He knows it is England's finest milk, prepared with exquisite scientific care, rich in the necessary vitamins and the minerals that build bone and teeth and brain.

In the last quarter of a century COW & GATE has won fame all over the world as the best milk for baby when natural feeding fails. It will ensure *your* baby's future.

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies Love it!"

Quick recovery from illness depends on your "metabolic rate"

AFTER illness, the metabolic rate—the rate at which the body replaces used energy—is seriously lowered. It must be raised, for speedy convalescence.

To do this, the patient should eat—but he doesn't want food. So, doctors advise tempting soups and meat extracts. Of these, Brand's Essence is proved by clinical tests to be outstandingly successful in raising metabolism.

Brand's Essence is *tempting* to the patient. A few teaspoons immediately raise the metabolic rate. With renewed strength, appetite returns and the patient begins to recover.

Brand's Essence
3/- a bottle

It gives a *lasting* shine— that's why I use **Johnson's Wax Polish!**

Puts a brilliant polish on all floors—and the shine lasts twice as long!

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather—bright, sparkling and mirror-like—and it's non-greasy! In tins 10½d. and 1/6.

Obtainable only from shops.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED

Too good to be without –

MILLER'S
British
BAKING POWDER

Famous since 1847

If Nurses could only tell

A nurse doesn't have to be a dentist to know that *dingy* teeth are often taken for *uncleaned* teeth.

Keep your teeth "Colgate-clean" and you will not only keep them white and sparkling. You will keep your mouth fresh and fragrant. And there's nothing so irresistibly attractive as gleaming teeth in a fragrant mouth. 1/1 *Including Tax*

Play Safe! use
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Twice a day

JOHN BULL March 23 1946 Vol 79 No 2075 186 High Holborn WC1 Tel: Temple Bar 2468

BRING DOWN THE PRICES

An angry Prime Minister. Zero hour for Communists. Prince of Jukes. Jazz twilight. Britain's strangest auction. No steaks for the Boat Race

SUPPLIES OF FURNITURE, DRAPERY and other home needs are still woefully short. But the profit on them is more than generous. Now the Board of Trade is examining price levels over a wide range of goods to see if reductions are possible. We think they are.

More than full advantage has been taken by some traders of the impossibility of applying price controls to non-utility household essentials.

The interests concerned will grumble, of course. But the public is getting tired of paying through the nose for household necessities that were often selling before the war at one-fourth of today's price.

Profit Probe

Leading the investigation into prices will be John Belcher, who succeeded Ellis Smith as Sir Stafford Cripps's Under-Secretary. So far, Belcher has won the admiration of high officials for his capacity to make decisions.

While he is on the job, we hope he will not neglect utility furniture prices. Trade authorities say that present prices could be reduced by at least five per cent without imposing hardship on either manufacturers or retailers.

Food Crisis

SIR BEN SMITH has taken a firm line at Washington. But there is a limit to what a strong man can do. Ministers from the chief countries of Europe will meet in London next month to discuss the planning of food supplies. But they won't be able to make two ears of corn grow overnight where one grew before.

Nor is there any point in beating about metaphorical bushes. We should all face the truth now that the period between April and July will be one of crisis.

Our own rations are meagre. Yet Britain has been comparatively lucky. It is unlikely that we can continue to maintain the highest standard of feeding in the world—apart from a very few fortunate countries such as the U.S.A.

Further cuts appear inevitable, and the sooner the public is warned about them the better.

Stupid Talk

Already ill-informed people are saying, "Why should we make sacrifices to feed the Germans? They started the war, so let them starve."

Such views are as untimely and over-simplified as the Russian Bogy speech of Mr. Churchill, and not less potentially dangerous.

It is not a question of saving Germany from starvation. It is a question of saving most of the world from the ravages of hunger, famine and plague.

Ploughing Back

Nor can all the responsibility be passed to the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, or the Combined Food Board of Britain, the U.S. and Canada.

We must take care that food waste is stopped. Many farmers here have had to plough in many acres of savoys and other greenstuff owing to price difficulties. Above all, every one of us must co-operate by taking care to understand the imperative need for sacrifice. To gain that co-operation Mr. Attlee himself should reinforce Dr. Summerskill's recent warning.

Sir Basil's Anger

EVERY "KEEP-THINGS-AS-THEY-ARE" element in Northern Ireland is rallying round Sir Basil Brooke, the ultra-Right Prime Minister, in his last-ditch battle with progress.

A number of British Labour M.P.s are seeking to strengthen the Northern Irish Labour Party. Sir Basil is livid with rage at their audacity in going to Belfast recently. Captain Hugh Delargy, M.P. for Miles Platting, Manchester, was among the invaders.

Perhaps Sir Basil remembers how, some years ago, he addressed a meeting in Manchester. A young man asked a lot of inconvenient questions. He was thrown out of the meeting. His name—Hugh Delargy.

Vote Withdrawn

The most shameless act of the Brooke Government for some time is the restriction of the local government franchise. Behind the scenes, even many Ulster Conservatives regard it as a bad mistake.

Britain now gives municipal votes to everybody over twenty-one years of age. The Ulster backwoodsmen have taken away the vote from all who live in lodgings and tenements, even if they had votes before.

The excuse is that only "people of substance with a stake in the province" should have democratic rights. Which means that the poor, who are too often anti-Brooke, will be prevented from expressing their views in the municipal ballot box.

Aged Fighter

WHILE FRANCO HAS BEEN playing pat-ball with diplomatic notes, one of his strongest opponents has cheated death. Largo Caballero, ex-Prime Minister of Republican Spain, has survived the amputation of a leg and an ear operation at the age of seventy-six.

The "Spanish Lenin" is no romantic revolutionary in appearance. Short and stocky, he needed his great strength to withstand the privations of a German concentration camp, of which his illness is the direct result. Earlier in life he served four prison sentences; during the Civil War he threatened to shoot himself if the people of Madrid let the enemy in.

No doubt his leadership of the Republicans is over. But his advice will still be sought, and Franco must regret that he has found sanctuary.

John Belcher aims at lower prices for household goods

Zero Hour

WHITSUNTIDE WILL BE ZERO HOUR for British Communists, and Bournemouth the main battlefront. At the Annual Conference of the Labour Party, their application for affiliation will be on the agenda.

If affiliation were approved, every Communist would automatically become a Labour Party member, with full membership rights. At the same time, of course, each Communist would be expected to follow faithfully and unquestioningly the instructions of Communist leadership, just as they do now.

The decision may be a close one. Much-liked Willie Gallacher and Phil Piratin, the two Communist M.P.s, are working hard wooing Labour M.P.s to support affiliation. So far, they count on about thirty Parliamentary supporters.

Rarin' to Go

William Rust, *Daily Worker* editor, will be a happy man when the affiliation issue is settled one way or the other. Always announced at Communist meetings as "Bill" (it sounds tougher), Comrade Rust is anxious to give the word "Go!" for an all-out attack on Labour leadership.

But until the affiliation vote, he has to mix wolf-howls with dove-cooings. Too much howling will alienate Labour votes the Communists badly need at Labour's Conference; too much cooing will wreck the restless Rust spirit.

He's bitter, is Bill. At the General Election he fought South Hackney, and was silly enough to tell all and sundry that he regarded himself as a certain victor. He finished up—by a good margin—at the bottom of the poll.

Two Big Men

SHOWMEN FROM VARIOUS PARTS of Britain made a special journey to the Board of Trade a week or two ago for a private conference with Sir Stafford Cripps. They discussed ideas for making Britain more attractive to tourists.

Two key entertainment men led the showmen: William Edmund Butlin, holiday camp and amusement park owner, and Frank Hawtin, an engineer who spent the war building Spitfires.

Butlin and Hawtin are close friends

THE CASE FOR NATIONALIZATION: by the Editor

NO PART OF THE HUGE programme of conversion and post-war reconstruction laid down by the Government has come in for more criticism than the policy of nationalizing some of our basic industries and biggest commercial undertakings.

Powerful interests are solidly arrayed against nationalization, and it is clear that they will fight to the last director and the last dividend for the right to continue to run their businesses according to the sacred rules of "private enterprise," shunning State control as though it were a plague.

This is not unnatural—indeed, it was only to be expected—but the very vigour of the opposition makes the ordinary man wonder whether, after all, there is not something more behind it than he imagined.

Is nationalization really in the public interest, he asks, or is it, after all, merely an obsession rooted in the doctrines and theories of Labour Government?

Looking at the question squarely, it is easy to see the arguments on both sides. The anti-nationalization people claim that State control is merely "interference" and that no well-conducted business or industry can possibly gain from bureaucratic "meddling."

The pro-nationalization group, with Government backing, are determined that certain industries and public utility companies must be run solely for the public benefit and not for private profit.

It has been left to the chairman of one of our big railway companies to shed fresh light on this dispute.

In a speech roundly attacking nationalization of the railways, Sir Ronald Matthews, chairman of the L.N.E.R., made it quite clear that he spoke for the stockholders—that their interests came first, and furnished the chief, almost the only, objection to State ownership.

In doing so, he perhaps unwittingly provided the best possible argument for nationalization.

If it is the view of the head of the L.N.E.R. that he is responsible for the interests of his stockholders, rather than those of the railway employees and the public, does this not conclusively establish that State ownership of vast public utilities like the British railways is urgently necessary? We think so. Railways must put their duty to the public first—and it seems they will do this only under public ownership.

and have many things in common. Both are in their forties. Both are very rich.

Boom Camps

Butlin is now receiving reservations for his camps at the rate of 5,500 a day, despite a fifty per cent increase in prices.

By the end of the year more than 250,000 people will have gone through his visiting list. Next year he hopes to double the figure.

Butlin got the camp idea in Canada, where he was brought up. As a sideline, he runs amusement parks round the seaside towns and Birmingham. His chief interest in life is his three children.

Prince of Jukes

Hawtin, one of four engineering brothers, is a man with many jobs. He has 350 white-coated girls making a new type of artificial teeth. He has another 900 making amusement park gadgets—things like "dodgem cars."

He makes pleasure canoes for artificial lakes out of R.A.F. emergency petrol tanks. But his most spectacular job is the making of British "juke boxes," the American mechanical music boxes.

Hawtin makes the most complicated and expensive model in the world. It even plays eighteen records by remote control. The Americans, who have nothing like it, buy his entire output.

One day he hopes to introduce the machine to Britain. Before then he will have to find a name for it. He is sure no one over here would buy an instrument with the name of "juke box."

Household Names

DOBSON AND YOUNG, due to appear again at the microphone this Sunday evening, have probably done more to make good music popular than all the professors and critics put together. They are now so famous (some critics might say notorious) that their surnames are a household phrase—but who knows their Christian names?

They have lectured in Windsor Castle, on battleships and small boats, and in aircraft hangars. Once a talk to troops was interrupted by gas drill, and when the men laughed through their rubber snouts it sounded, they say, "like a thousand subterranean bubbles from another world."

The Christian name of each, by the way, is Walter.

Jazz Wilts

THE DECLINE OF JAZZ has so often and wrongly been reported that to predict its future would be risky. But it is certainly true that dancers have recently been agitating for a return of "sweetness," the old-fashioned waltz has returned to popularity, and this trend has led to the revival of *The Great Victor Herbert* film.

But the most popular composer is not Irving Berlin or Strauss or any other dance melodist. It is Tchaikovsky.

Minds in Time

TWO EX-SERVICEMEN are not worried about their future. Playing cards in the billet one night, they discovered that each knew the card the other was about to play. They could not explain how, but they practised.

It reached a stage at which if one was working inside an aircraft and wanted, say, a half-inch spanner, he merely concentrated hard on the idea of the spanner, and his mate who was outside would hand the tool up.

They amazed the frequenters of local pubs by playing dominoes with the dominoes face downwards, then turning the pieces up to show that everything was fair, square and above-board. Tested before a hundred witnesses and a psychologist, they scored a hundred per cent correct answers. Soon they may appear on the halls. Their names are Scathard and Stephenson, just ordinary flight mechanics whose minds happen to be on the same wavelength or whatever it is that makes telepathy possible.

Sailor Artist

IT WILL BE A BUSY WEEKEND for the telegraph boys. March 23 marks the seventieth birthday of Sir Muirhead Bone, master of "black and white."

An official artist in both the two great wars, he had twenty pictures in last year's Royal Academy show of war scenes. Once he illustrated a book written by his wife on Old Spain; the edition was limited to 265 copies and cost a hundred guineas—mark of how far he has climbed since he took evening classes at the Glasgow School of Art.

Though famous for his sea pictures, he endures agonies of sea sickness.

Six Meals a Day

ONE POINT IN A NEW BOOK, *British Restaurants* (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.), has been missed by the Press. Judging by inquiries, many people eat not three but five or even six meals a day, though admittedly these meals include "snacks." If that be so, then obviously British Restaurants should provide "snacks" apart from main meals.

On the other hand, three per cent of thousands of interviewed workers have nothing to eat during the day.

If you are interested in other people's habits, this dryly-written book will be worth your reading—and will probably convince you not only that the Restaurants were essential in war-time but that they should be retained in the peace.

By Candlelight

ON THE FIRST OF NEXT MONTH twelve men will bolt themselves into the "secret room" of a Somerset inn. An inch of tallow candle will be lit, and Britain's strangest auction will begin.

The man who makes the last bid before the candle gutters out will obtain a year's possession of Stowell Mead, seven acres of grassland with a valuable watercress crop. Last year's price was £14 odd, and the auction has been held regularly ever since 1696.

But the proceedings will probably be interrupted. The locals swear that the ghost of Old Forsey, a former landlord of the inn, always appears to strike his snuff-box three times, and then departs.

Costly Waves

FAIR PRICE for permanent waves is about 30s., we said recently (JOHN BULL, February 23). The Hairdressers' Trade Association points out that this is actually the fixed minimum rate, but "there is nothing to prevent hairdressers who have expensive establishments from charging higher prices."

Quite so. Trouble is that some hairdressers are more expensive than their establishments justify.

The Boat Race

NEXT WEEK, for the first time since 1939, the Boat Race will be rowed again on the famous four-and-a-quarter mile course.

It all began at Henley in 1829. The record time of eighteen minutes three seconds was set up in 1934, and only once was there a dead heat. But in 1912 the water was so rough that both boats sank and the umpires ordered another race; in another year unkind weather provoked the Oxford crew to tie seventy-two inflated football bladders to their boat for buoyancy.

One certainty about this year's race is that the scarcity of steaks and eggs will affect the crews' timing.

Life in the Old Uns!

ABHU NAGAR, a man of sixty-seven, has taken sixth place in the Indian Olympic Marathon of 26 miles, 385 yards. He beat many men half his age, and almost immediately afterwards ran 100 yards to oblige a film unit.

So even if you're over forty, there's still hope.

Brilliant War Painter

THE COUNTRY SIDELIGHT on "demob" which forms our cover this week, was specially painted for JOHN BULL by Terence Cuneo, the brilliant British artist who did a great deal of special work for the Government during the war. His paintings of the manufacture of tanks and other armaments helped to "sell" the story of Britain's great war-time effort abroad, especially in the United States.

He paints industrial subjects with the same facility and skill as his studies of human nature.

Cuneo's work has many of the characteristics of his famous artist father, the late Cyrus Cuneo.

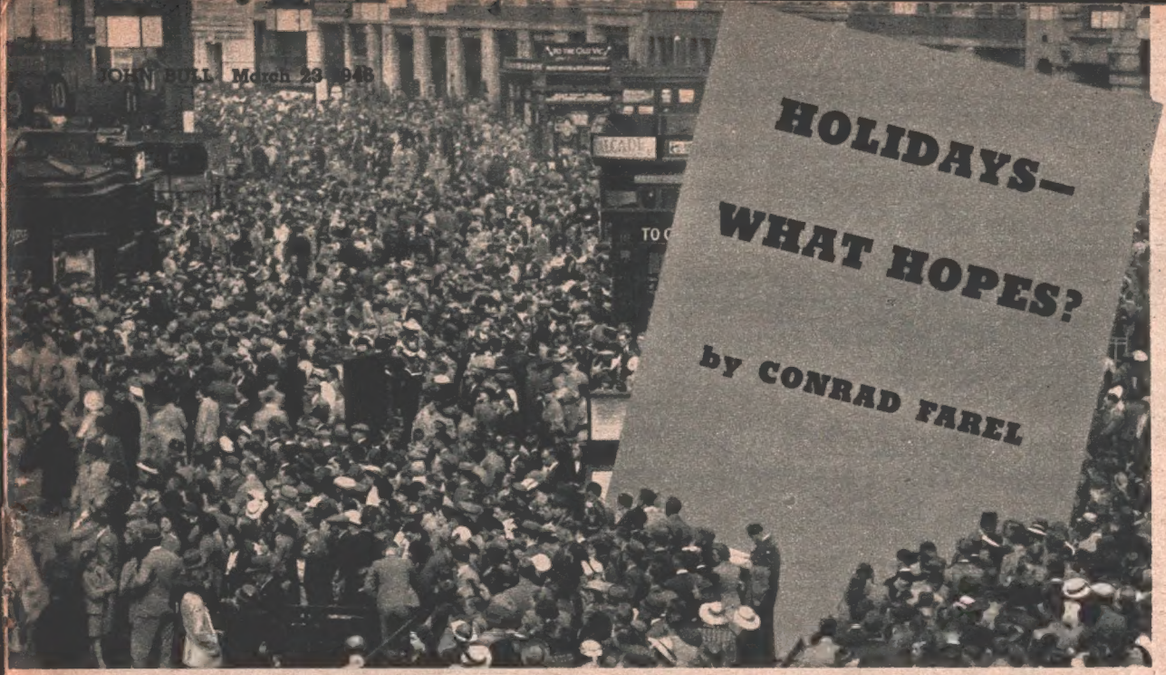
His paintings have appeared at the Royal Academy, R.O.I. and other exhibitions. His favourite hobby is making working models, and his model windmill is a classic of this craft.

HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER!

"WE WERE AMAZED

at the courteous treatment and generosity received," writes Mrs. M. Boulton of Billingham-on-Tees, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader, Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.



HOLIDAYS—WHAT HOPES?

by CONRAD FAREL

It looks like being Britain's greatest holiday summer, but it will be a tough job to fit everybody in. Here is a true picture of the prospects, and some straight tips on How and Where

IT IS NEWS TO NOBODY that all of us, young and old, civilians and ex-Service men and women alike, need a holiday.

After six years of drabness and deprivation and danger, we want to forget things for a bit and really enjoy ourselves. Certainly, as never before, we are entitled to.

But will it be possible? What will holidays be like? How much transport will there be? How about food? Will there be accommodation?

Let's look at the problem without blinkers.

In the almost forgotten days of limitless excursion trains, cheap fares and innumerable landladies, when food was plentiful, broken cups and saucers of no moment and staffs easy to get, at least 6,000,000 people went off for a week's holiday every year, spending over £30,000,000.

Most of those people stampeded to the seaside and pleasure resorts in July or August, the golden months during which landladies and buskers, costermongers and ice-cream sellers, Punch-and-Judy men and chair-hire firms made enough to provide for themselves for the rest of the year.

It Could be Chaos

Even in those days it was a bit of a crush. This year, if we are not careful, it will be chaos.

With fewer trains, less accommodation and a shortage of food, drink and all the essentials that go to make a holiday—and with less than two-thirds of the people who worked to supply the needs of pre-war holiday-makers now available—nearly three times the pre-war number of people are determined to go away for a holiday this year. Most of the 6,000,000 "regulars" haven't had a holiday for six years; millions of ex-Service men and women are eager to step out if only in symbolic demonstration of their restored civilian status; and 15,000,000 workers, nearly half of them for the first time, will enjoy their right to holidays with pay.

Millions, certainly, will get the holiday they are looking for. Millions more will not.

I sound this warning not because I wish to discourage anyone but because careful planning in good time and a sober recognition of the difficulties in advance should mean more successful holidays.

Consider the transport position first of all. I have discussed this with the big railway companies and all of them have told the same story. They are busy laying new track, making new locomotives and railway coaches and doing their utmost to carry all the holiday-makers they can. But if, with their depleted resources and short staff, they are expected to carry twice the pre-war number of passengers during the peak rush of July and August, there will be an infernal muddle.

The L.M.S. told me: "We shall run additional trains for the holidays to the limit of our resources in manpower and equipment, but we expect conditions to be pretty crowded. We lost 1,600 passenger vehicles during the war, and although we turned out our first new coach five days after VE-Day and have built 240 others since, this doesn't make up the loss." And the G.W.R.: "We're still handicapped by running a large number of military services, and won't be able to return to pre-war standards yet awhile. But there'll be a *better* service this year."

The L.N.E.R.: "We'll run relief trains to the best of our capacity, though we shan't have details of timetables until April. We shall do our utmost to improve our services, but we still have 29,000 of our men in the Forces and the 7,000 men returning by April won't bring us back to pre-war standards." And the Southern Railway: "Last year we were able to accommodate holiday crowds by extra trains, and we'll do our best again."

Of course, all railways are working and planning for improvements. They'd like to re-introduce those "caravan carriages" with two beds, living-room and kitchen which could be taken to a beauty spot and left in a siding for a week or so. They want to bring back more restaurant cars, build newly-designed coaches. But that's in the future.

For the present, the hard facts are that 2,000 special trains a week are still run for the Government; that 94,000 railwaymen are still in the Forces, that out-dated and worn-out locomotives are still in commission, there is a scarcity of carriages and track maintenance is eighteen months in arrears.

Late Holidays Best

Your chances of travelling in comfort are much greater if you have your holiday in June, September or early October. And there's nothing in meteorological analysis to justify the assumption that the weather is best in July or August.

Accommodation? The Secretary of the Hotels and Restaurants Association tells me that the position was difficult last year and will be worse this year. There has been some increase in capacity, but it is far outweighed by the enormous number since demobilized, and the extra people who will be enjoying holidays with pay for the first time.

There are still 2,000 hotels to be de-requisitioned. Some have been released by the Government, but this doesn't mean an instant increase in accommodation. Bed linen, towels, crockery and glass and kitchen equipment must be obtained—and there is no priority in these things for an owner trying to re-establish his hotel.

Most landladies, like the hotel keepers, are looking forward to seeing you—but if you haven't booked up already you'd better do it soon.

There is a happier side to the picture, fortunately. Despite all limitations, our pleasure resorts are making the biggest effort in history to bring their towns up to date.

All over the country, activities are being feverishly pushed forward. Bowling and cricket greens are being put right, surf-rafts, kiddie-boats and deck chairs repainted; tank traps, beach obstructions and mines removed.

Margate, for instance, has a £1,500,000 development programme in hand and is lucky in having all her hotels de-requisitioned and is spending £40,000 in reconstructing her Winter Garden concert and dance hall, damaged during the war.

Asking for news of plans at Portsmouth and Southsea, severely damaged during the war, I was told that the famous three-mile seafront will be back in its full glory by the season, and about sixty per cent of pre-war accommodation will be available. The corporation has erected a large pre-fabricated cafe on the sea front, and £40,000 is to be spent to widen South Parade Pier.

Portsmouth has fourteen British Restaurants—some of the finest of their type—catering for over 10,000 visitors daily; there are steamer trips round Portsmouth Harbour and the Isle of Wight, and children are being specially catered for.

Brighton promises about 11,500 beds in hotels and boarding houses and 30,000 beds in apartment houses—again about two-thirds of the normal accommodation. Entertainment and sport are almost up to pre-war standard. The Black Rock and Rottingdean open-air swimming pools will be open; the famous aquarium has been de-requisitioned and will probably be ready and plans are in hand for the opening of the two piers.

Blackpool expects a record season ("We hope to please and satisfy 7,000,000 holiday-makers between Easter and late October") and has many advantages over badly-hit coastal competitors. The Tower circus, the ballrooms, cinemas, theatres and piers, the pleasure beach, ice drome and free children's playgrounds, besides facilities for boating and every type of sport, are all ready. Whether they'll revive the famous Blackpool illuminations depends on the British miner and Mr. Shinwell.

Southend, too, expects that most of its pleasure facilities will be back to normal.

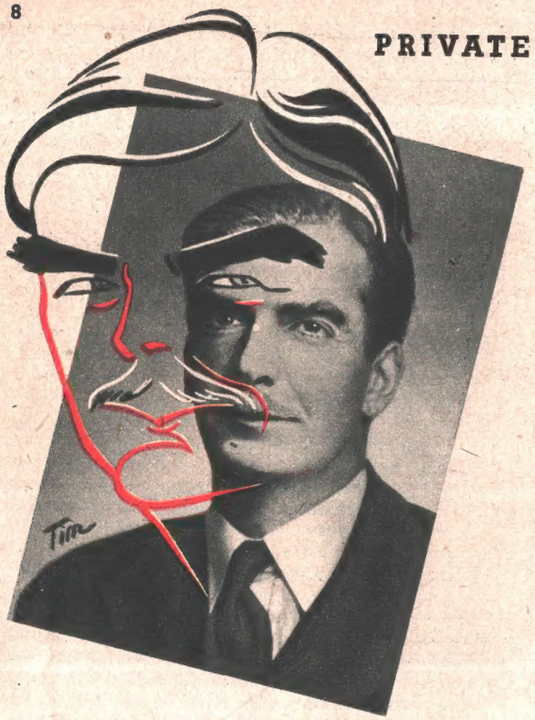
Camps for Thousands

Holiday camps? W. E. Butlin tells me that he will have three camps open this year—one at Filey Bay to accommodate 5,000 campers a week, another at Clacton-on-Sea (2,000 campers) and the third at Skegness (5,000 campers). The all-in tariff of from five guineas to £6 16s. a week, according to the month you go, includes accommodation, food, sports, entertainments, a camp theatre featuring top-line stage and radio stars and dancing in modern ballrooms. Children of from two to ten years can be accommodated at half price.

One man who is following all this activity with particular interest is J. G. Bridges, Director of the Travel Association, whose job it is to attract tourists to this country. "An all-round improvement in our accommodation, catering and holiday amenities could bring this country over £100,000,000 a year," he told me, "by attracting visitors from abroad. Britain has all the amenities to make it the finest holiday resort in the world, providing our holiday services are up to the mark."

To sum up, plan carefully beforehand if you want a holiday—and certainly have a holiday. Write well in advance to the Publicity Directors of the towns you want to visit, book your accommodation early, avoid the busy season of July and August and travel mid-week to avoid the weekend rush. Take towels, soap and ration cards with you.

Your holiday this year will be a bit of a gamble. But whatever I or anyone else may say, most people will take the risk.



THE MODEL DIPLOMAT

IT IS NOT GIVEN TO MANY MEN to rise to new heights of fame and popularity by resigning from a great office. Anthony Eden did just that. As Britain's Foreign Secretary in 1938, he doubled his prestige by his resignation. It was his protest against the fumbling policy of a flaccid British Cabinet, engaged in placating the dictators.

It was so much in tune with the feeling of the public that Eden gained more than he lost by insisting on giving up office.

Throughout his life, Eden has otherwise followed the path of perfection and correctness. In Sir William and Lady Sybil Eden, he had exactly the right parents, and Eton provided the ideal early background, where, as a model public schoolboy, he excelled without doing anything distinctive at all.

During World War I he served in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, where he earned the M.C., and is believed to have been the youngest brigade major in the British Army.

After the war he went to Oxford, graduated with First Class Honours in Oriental languages in 1922 and was defeated in his first election in the coal-mining division of Spennymoor.

The following year he was elected Conservative M.P. for Warwick and Leamington. He married Beatrice Beckett, daughter of Sir Gervase Beckett, banker and part owner of the *Yorkshire Post*, and went to live at Mulberry Walk, Chelsea.

HIS first ministerial appointment as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs came in 1929. Four years later at Geneva he became an outstanding personality of the League.

Amid the fumblings of British policy in the middle thirties, with its half-hearted sanctions and pacts of betrayal, Eden stood out as the only resolute force in the Cabinet.

As Foreign Secretary he represented a stiffening British determination. The dictators, seeing in him a positive obstacle to their policy of aggression, turned on him all the vehemence of their influence and propaganda.

Chamberlain reacted to the pressure and Eden, finding his position intolerable, resigned in February, 1938.

When the war came he was summoned back to the Cabinet by Chamberlain to serve successively as Dominions Secretary and Secretary of State for War. In the latter post he was Churchill's right-hand man in all the vital military decisions which had to be taken after Dunkirk. At the end of 1940 he returned to the Foreign Office.

The Edens then occupied the Foreign Office flat overlooking St. James's Park. Since vacating this they have lived in a series of furnished flats, or with friends, while negotiating the purchase of a house.

Their real home is Binderton House, Chichester—acquired a few years ago after Mrs. Eden saw it advertised in a local newspaper. A typical Charles II country house of red brick at the foot of the Sussex Downs, with a tennis court, an excellent kitchen garden and some fine trees, it is their greatest passion and decorated with all the skill and taste that their moderate means will allow.

EDEN has inherited not only his father's knowledge of pictures, but a large section of Sir William's output as a painter—about fifty water colours. These, together with a number of the French Impressionists and a few classical art treasures, adorn the walls of rooms, hall, staircase, landings—everywhere.

Another paternal legacy is a knowledge of wines, but the day of well-stocked cellars and cobwebby bottles seems a thing of the past. All that remains is the last of a present from Uncle Joe Stalin, a much-prized case of Russian champagne. Otherwise Eden drinks beer or stout with an occasional whisky and soda.

Weekends are usually spent at Binderton House with a few guests—informal affairs at which the faultlessly attired Leader of the Opposition may be seen gardening in his late father's cast-off clothes, sawing firewood and seeing to it that guests do their share, rambling over the Sussex Downs in full view of the English Channel.

They return to London in a not-too-reliable car to begin another week of busy working days.

Eden goes by Underground to Westminster and walks from there to his room in the House of Commons.

Reading correspondence and dictating replies takes up the best part of the morning, to be followed usually by a committee meeting. The remainder of the day is spent in the House of Commons. Eden lunches there, sits with it at 2.15 and is on the bench all through question time.

He dines more often than not at the House and remains there until it rises at 9.45.

THE Edens live quietly and hardly ever entertain in London. Occasionally they go with their son Nicholas to a film or the theatre, but these visits are usually only during the holidays.

Eden is an energetic walker and may often by seen taking a turn in St. James's Park. He is also enthusiastic about rough shooting and felling trees. He is a good average tennis player, but there have not been many opportunities lately for regular games. As a younger man at Geneva and rather anxious to keep up his form, he used to haul his sleepy secretaries out of bed at 7 o'clock for a few sets before the busy day began.

Having the tact, patience and agreeable manners that made him a success in the arena of international relations, Eden may appear ill-suited as an Opposition Leader. But developments have shown that he possesses a remarkable comprehension of domestic affairs. He has improved enormously as a speaker in range, authority, wit and fire, and he is a fighter.

In a Gallup poll in 1944 he was voted Churchill's most likely successor as Prime Minister. But the election result altered all this. Yet it seems that Anthony Eden merely pauses in the midst of a distinguished career.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

MARRIAGE

IN ENGLAND MEN MARRY on the average at twenty-nine, women at twenty-six years six months.

★ ★ ★

Child marriage used to be permitted by law. Of one sixteenth-century case it is written that the child, Hubert Parre, aged three, could not speak, and was enticed to church by promise of an apple.

★ ★ ★

Last June a seventeen-year-old girl returned to an Eastbourne High School after a fortnight's holiday during which she had married an Australian pilot officer.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Bilton of Hendon is probably the only girl who has heard her marriage bans announced on the radio. This occurred during a broadcast from H.M.S. Warspite. Her future husband was one of the ship's company.

★ ★ ★

In the summer quarter of 1945 there were 118,732 weddings in Britain, 36,421 more than in the same period the year before.

★ ★ ★

Although English law fixes sixteen as the youngest age for marriage, physical maturity may occur much earlier. Dr. Letitia Fairfield, examining records of 133,000 births at London maternity hospitals, found seventy-four in which the mother was between thirteen and sixteen. All were remarkably easy. The youngest mother was thirteen years three months old on confinement.

★ ★ ★

In this case the alleged father, aged thirteen, borrowed his elder brother's long trousers in order to visit mother and child suitably attired.

★ ★ ★

A young widow of La Vendée, who had been married at thirteen by special licence from the President of the French Republic, had had seven children before she was twenty-two.

★ ★ ★

Child marriage is still a public scandal in some of the more backward American states. Not long ago an angry mother invaded the gaol at Jonesboro, Arkansas, to bring home her twelve-year-old daughter who had insisted on honeymooning there with her thirty-year-old husband, charged with perjury concerning the declaration of her age.

★ ★ ★

When the Soviet officials took over the tsarist archives they found many strange documents. One, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, reads thus: "The marriage of the young Prince Lubomirsky with a commoner, performed against the will of his father, is hereby void. He shall be exiled to the Caucasus for disobedience. The bride, née Shvezkovsky, shall be deemed a virgin as heretofore."

★ ★ ★

Taking over a new church at Gravesend recently, the vicar discovered that owing to the licence not having been transferred from the previous building, over 200 marriages were of doubtful legality. A Parliamentary bill was at once prepared "to remove doubt touching the validity of certain marriages. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Three months ago Canadian G.H.Q. were informed that applications from their troops stationed in Holland for permission to marry Dutch girls were coming in at the rate of fifty a day.

Above, the great moment has come. Landing craft slip into the water and churn through the smoke covering the crossing. Right, Montgomery smiles his secret smile as he receives the surrender of a million Germans at Luneberg

THE LAST GREAT *battle*

Only a year ago this week, guns were thundering across the Rhine. VICTOR THOMPSON, who was there, recalls the grim scenes that finally routed the German armies

A THOUSAND GUNS WERE FIRING, and there were many heavies and super-heavies among them. It was more than noise: it seemed to shake loose our brains inside our heads.

It was the beginning, exactly a year ago, on March 23, 1945, of "Operation Plunder," the full-scale, all-in crossing of the River Rhine. There was much fighting and killing after that immense heave, and many cities were spectacularly conquered, but never again was there anything of such magnitude.

It was, in fact, probably the last onslaught of its kind that the world will ever see, for the atomic bomb has rendered obsolete the kind of warfare we call "modern."

The last great battle in history. And the British Army, at the final milestone of the bloody road it began to tread before Agincourt, had the central place in it.

American forces had already crossed the Rhine higher up, and the Canadians were going in on our left, but the main thrusts, against the basis of all the remaining German defences in the west, had been left to the British Second Army.

And there, on that red March night which already seems to belong to another century, were the assault troops of our army, poised along the Rhine from Wesel to Rees; each man finding to his surprise, as he waited dry-mouthed for the final word, that he felt little worse than he used to feel when waiting for the starting pistol at the school sports.

Our Wellsian Menagerie

By ten o'clock the first crossings had begun. The landing craft, the Buffaloes and Donald Ducks and Weasels, and all the rest of our Wellsian menagerie of metal, slipped into the water and throbbed and churned into the smoke; while the barrage was intensified to keep the defenders pinned down.

There were half a dozen separate crossings over a twenty-mile stretch of river. Above all the thunder and lightning, a quiet moon looked down.

The Argylls were the first to land. Then the Commandos, who crept unopposed over the flat land to within fifteen hundred yards of Wesel.

At that time, ten-thirty, Wesel was just another battered German town, but a quarter of an hour later it was non-existent, except as a blazing mass of dust. For the bombers came in to finish what the guns had begun.

The roar of their engines and the thunder of their bombs just across the river made the din unbelievable.

Yet even at the height of it one could hear a strange, twittering undertone—the bleating, mooing, neighing, clucking, squeaking and barking of all the birds and beasts on the Rhineland farms.

Sky-troops Attacked

Thanks to the barrage, the crossings were achieved with small loss and the sappers went to work on the mines. By the morning, our Second Army spearhead was firmly established on the right bank.

And then, at ten on a perfect spring morning, began something even more awe-inspiring—the arrival of the mighty airborne force which was going to drop paratroops just behind the land armies.

In the next two hours, we who watched were sated with spectacle as well as bludgeoned by din. And we were aghast to see "modern" warfare at its awful zenith. . . .

I saw it from a hill overlooking Xanten, the hill which was the vantage-point of Winston Churchill, who told some of the troops that day that they were at last attacking "the dire sink of iniquity."

The aircraft throbbed out of the haze, not more than 600 feet up.

Before long they filled the sky. In all, counting the gliders, and the bombers which were attacking communications far to the east, and the fighters which protected the flanks of the two immense streams, something like ten thousand of our aircraft were in the blue sky that day.

I went down to the river and saw German farm workers too busy ploughing to gape at the air armada. Women were pulling the plough: the army had taken all the horses.

At the crossings the craft were plying busily and the bridge-builders were getting to work.

British soldiers were paddling in the Rhine. It was what they had promised themselves in Tobruk, in Sidi Barrani, in Benghazi; but now that they had it they were far too busy to think about it.

I remember the wing commander who, having crashed during the air-drop, came into our lines with thirty prisoners. I remember the prisoners who thought they were preparing their own community grave when they were told to smooth out a huge bomb crater as a temporary cage.

But it was all too chaotic at that time to form any clear view. Not until Sunday night, when airborne and land forces were firmly linked and the bridgehead was thirty miles long and from eight to ten deep, was it possible to tell what was happening.

Several bridges had been completed, and across them thousands of wheels and tracks were rolling into what was left of the Reich. In wonderful weather, Allied air forces were co-operating with all their great strength, while the Luftwaffe stayed on the ground.

One was able that night to see on the map that the battle was won—though it might have been a dangerous thing to tell the 51st Highland Division and the Canadians, who were still fighting bloody battles in the marshes of the Rees area.

By Tuesday night an army spokesman, well schooled by experience to avoid premature optimism, announced that the German High Command had lost all control of the battle.

Prisoners began to come in by the battalion. White flags were everywhere. The German villagers said *"Hitler kaput!"*

Those four days had been the deciding ones. After them there were often patches of bitter fighting—on the Ems and the Weser, at Rheine, at Uelzen and in front of Bremen—and great cities like Munster, Osnabruck and Hamburg were yet to fall. But all that was really the pursuit, the exploitation of success.

The Huns Gambled

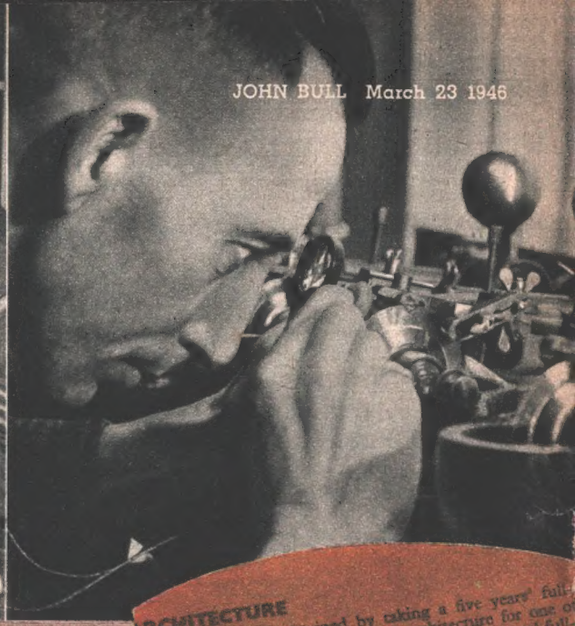
As captured documents proved, the enemy in the west had staked his remaining all on holding the lower Rhine where the Second Army crossed it.

He lost the gamble chiefly because of our overwhelming superiority of guns, planes, shells, equipment of all kinds. It was in that sense a real Montgomery operation. Never since D-Day had there been such a build-up. Even the Royal Navy had its share in the actual crossings.

But, however tremendous the weight of metal, men had ultimately to go in and finish the job, sometimes even with the bayonet. We lost many, though less than had been expected.

They were buried in the heart of the Reich they helped to conquer, but I think their wraiths assembled on that rainy hill-top on Luneburg Heath a little later to see their leader, Montgomery, smiling that secret smile of his, accept the surrender of a million men and know for certain that the Rhine crossings had indeed been his army's last great battle.

Commercial artists "touch up" their knowledge of their work, after five or six years manning the guns



Training at the centres varies from engineering (above) to watchmaking (right). The latter course takes one year

RCHITECTURE
Training can be obtained by taking a five years' full-
course at a university or school of architecture for one of
recognised professional examinations, or a three years' full-
course to intermediate standard followed by part-time
for the final examination. It is also possible to train by
time study for seven to nine years, combined with pr
experience in an architectural firm.
It is expected that there will be a need for more
and practising architects after the war. There has, h
been a considerable increase in the number enter
architectural courses before and during the
expected that much of the increased dem
from this source.
ART
School Certificate is not required exce
to teach in schools.
Training normally consists of a three
which may be taken at the Royal Colle
universities or municipal schools of ar
are normally required to take a furth
principles of teaching.
There will be an increased demand for p
after the war. Designers for publicity or
be required, but the number of opening
only persons of outstanding talent are likel
AUCTIONEERING AND ESTATE
The auctioneer and estate agent pra
letting, management and valuation of real
Training normally consists of three to
experience in the office of a professional
part-time study for the examinations
Surveyors' Institution, the Auctioneers
Institute, or the Incorporated Society
Landed Property Agents. A univers
management followed by practical exp
exempts from the professional examinatio
Recruitment to the profession ha
ring the war, and to this extent th
of persons who have not s

"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT—you've got a job to go back to. I haven't. I was called up before I'd learnt a trade." Thousands of Servicemen and ex-Servicemen are saying that today.

Others had, perhaps, made a beginning as juniors but now, on being demobbed, they are five or six years older but have added nothing to the knowledge of their job.

It is to help men like this that the Army Vocational Training Scheme is operating. How is it doing its job? What are a man's chances of getting the training he wants quickly and thoroughly?

Let's look at some figures first.

At the end of November last, about 1,100,000 men and women had been released from the Services. Of these, 550,000 had not, at that time, taken up employment.

It must not be forgotten, however, that war in the East ended suddenly. Demobilization was suddenly stepped up. And many were not employed because they were enjoying leave with pay.

From June 18, 1945, up to the end of December, 1,511,800 men and women were demobilized, of whom 1,340,400 were men. The bulk of that half-million not in employment in November were men.

Even assuming that many of them have since got settled, the reduced figure will have been swollen again by that percentage of freshly-demobilized who have not found employment. I estimate the number of ex-Servicemen at present without employment at 400,000.

It seems wrong that such large numbers should be without jobs at a time when the country is crying out for manpower. But, in all fairness, we have to remember the facts which have brought about this situation.

The machinery for "demob." training has been swamped by the rate of demobilization.

In May, 1945, the Government's target figure for demobilization was 750,000 up to the end of the year. In point of fact, due to the Japanese collapse, Government and Service machinery has had to carry *twice* this burden.

Good As Far As It Goes

The Vocational Training Scheme was devised "to enable men and women released from war service to make a good start in jobs which will lead to their permanent resettlement."

From all I have seen and heard from the Government training centres, the men taking courses and the employers who take the trainees, the scheme is excellent as far as it goes.

But it is not sufficiently extensive to cope with the ever-increasing numbers. At this stage, only a comparatively small number can receive training.

A million and a half people have been told of training courses, and on January 18, Mr. Isaacs stated that 6,000 men had been accepted for training and there was a waiting list of 9,000.

More recently, the Minister of Labour said that thirty Government training centres are now operating and twenty-four new places are planned. By the end of the year seventy-seven training centres would be in operation, providing training for 66,000.

It is not, of course, a matter of a moment to set up a training centre. A site must be found and equipment secured. More difficult still is the problem of finding qualified instructors. But these obstacles must be overcome resolutely and quickly if the very real benefits to ex-Servicemen and to industry are not to be lost.

Some apparent failures in the scheme are due to incorrect understanding of it by the men themselves. For instance, if a man was in one trade on joining up, he will not be trained for another. He must satisfy a Board that the public money spent on his training will be justified and that he is capable of doing the course.

Some Are Disappointed

He cannot be trained in a branch in which no vacancies are expected in industry, nor in trades reserved for the disabled. Wherever the fault lies, great numbers of ex-Servicemen have been led to believe that they can walk into any Resettlement Advice Centre and demand to be sent on a course of their own choosing. And, as Flight Lieutenant Beswick told the House of Commons the other day, many have "been disappointed, if not disillusioned."

This disillusionment is due partly to over-optimistic interpretations of the scheme by some of those whose duty it is to explain it to the men.

Here are some considerations that affect the working of the Vocational Training Scheme:—

The intake of trainees must be restricted according to the number of vacancies which may be anticipated in a particular trade or industry. There would, for example, be no point in training ex-Servicemen as taxi-drivers. Many old taxis are due to be taken off the road, but enough taxi-drivers to run them are already being released from the Services.

A chopping and changing of trades and professions by those already trained would, if accepted as a policy, delay the general programme of resettlement. Training, generally speaking, is given to those who have not yet acquired a trade or calling.

A man must be up to the mental and physical

TRAINING
FOR TH

"Demob" training for
doesn't know a job, ha
How are the training s
a JOHN BULL survey

by DENNI

Students of carpentry (left) learn how to fit a staircase in position. Motor engineering (above) is one of the most popular of all courses

Many of the men become craftsmen in brickwork. They enjoy learning a vital "build Britain" job. We need them

THE MEN
E JOBS

e ex-Serviceman who 't got a trade, is vital. emes working? Here is resettlement in action

BARDENS

standard necessary for the skilled trade in which he asks for training. He cannot consider himself the best judge as to suitability.

The training courses being given, and all the conditions for a man's entry into a trade, have been worked out between the Government, the Employers' Federation and the trade unions.

Trainees are given an allowance during the course. A man over twenty, living at home, receives £3 a week. If living away from home, he gets the cost of lodgings (usually not more than 30s.) and 35s. a week. There is an additional allowance of 24s. 6d. for those who are training away from home and have to maintain their former homes.

When a man has gone through his course he is placed in employment and for the first few months gets eighty-five per cent of the skilled rate. This rises until, at the end of fourteen months, he gets the full skilled rate.

I visited Hounslow Training Centre, which has a fine reputation among employers. Here men are trained for many branches of civil engineering, such as paving, asphalting, pipe-joining. Among others there are courses in house decorating, plumbing, watch and clock repairing, carpentry, boot and shoe making, hairdressing and leather manufacturing.

In the motor-mechanics section I found Harold Cooper, a former R.A.F. wireless operator, who was only eighteen when he joined up. He had just finished assembling an engine. He is going into partnership with his pal, Norman Bennett, of Cowsley Wood, Wadhurst, when he finishes his course.

They'll Get a Lorry

The two had nothing but praise for the instructors and staff. They will be given a set of tools when they leave and, by a scheme arranged by the Board of Trade and Ministry of Pensions, they are going to get an ex-Service lorry to help start their business.

Reg Taylor, of Hill Road, Pinner, was originally an engraver of gold and silver, but there is not much doing in that line, so he is now taking a fitter's course.

The watch and clock repairing course, which takes a year to complete, is reserved for disabled men.

One man, who has neurasthenia owing to his experiences as a prisoner-of-war, told me how thankful he was to learn a job in which he would not be handicapped by his disability.

In the plumbing department I watched students patiently assembling pipe systems. Later these are dismantled by other trainees. There was even a complete bathroom with hot water and heated towel rail, which had been installed by some trainees, and was waiting to be taken to pieces by others.

Jack Rogers, of Chesington Avenue, Bexleyheath, was a leading seaman. He had no job to go to on demob, so he is taking the carpentry course. "I'm not worried about getting work now," he said.

But what about the waiting lists for these courses? The best advice for a man is to take some other work, any work, while he is waiting to be accepted for training.

New Centres Needed

How does a man qualify for a course? When he leaves the Services he goes to the nearest employment exchange. There the training officer will tell him if he is eligible. If accepted, his name goes on a waiting list and he is notified when there is a vacancy. He can take some local employment to fill in, because he will get at least a week's notice before his call-up for training.

Meanwhile the Resettlement Advice Bureaux are handling as many as 30,000 inquiries a month. I looked in at one of the largest—in Oxford Street, London.

There they have all the answers, and need them. One man wanted to become a teacher. Another wished to emigrate to Australia. One wanted to know how he could marry by proxy, another how he could get a job with the Allied Control Commission in Germany.

One man wanted to become a lighthouse keeper. He was crestfallen to learn that one condition of service is that a lighthouse keeper must be capable of eating with his own teeth. In other words, no false teeth, or he can't eat the ship's biscuits on which he must subsist if he is cut off in an emergency.

A great number of ex-Servicemen are continuing their apprenticeships under a special scheme. For specialist and administrative posts there is a Further Education Scheme for those who, but for the war, would have been continuing their education or learning a profession.

But the training centres are the principal means by which men who had no time to learn a trade before they joined up can embark on a career.

The centres already established are obviously on the right lines, and doing excellent work. New centres are being organized as rapidly as possible and emergency ones built. But the job cannot be rushed. The standard and quality of the centres and their output of trainees must be kept high if the scheme is not to fail.

as I was saying—

High time we took up the Arts

WE'RE LIVING LIKE LORDS

Our friendly philosopher, HERBERT HODGE, believes we're doing all right in spite of shortages – that the Hodges were destined to be mighty – that we'll benefit from the refugee invasion. But Diogenes goes back in his barrel when it comes to more babies

SOME OF US SEEM to have been wasting an awful lot of energy these last few months—moaning and groaning and bewailing our fate. Especially some of the newspapers. It doesn't help much, that I can see.

It's true that we're still not getting so much food and clothes and pleasant luxuries as most of the people in America. But we're living like lords, compared with most of the people in other parts of the world.

Anyway, it seems to me that happiness depends far more on how you look at things, than on what you get.

Back in the depressed thirties, as a taxi driver, I'd often hang about half the night outside some fashionable night club in the hope of getting another shilling or two towards the rent. I'd think of the people inside, squandering enough money on supper and drinks to keep me a whole month in comfort. And I'd feel sick with self-pity.

But then, driving my empty cab home at three or four in the morning, and watching the shivering wretches with no home at all trying to find some doorway sheltered from the wind, I'd see my own situation from a completely different angle.

As I climbed the stairs to our two top rooms, and snuggled into our warm bed, I'd think how lucky I was—how gloriously lucky. Even if I hadn't earned enough to be certain of paying the rent on Saturday, I was at least sure of that warm bed for one more night. Compared with those poor devils huddling in doorways, I was on top of the world.

And I feel that's rather like our position in this country at the present time. A few countries may be better off, but far more are worse off. We most of us get enough to eat—even if only just enough. We've most of us got somewhere to sleep—even if it's only on sufferance in someone else's rooms.

Meanwhile, our future is largely in our own hands. We've nearly all got work to do—and an opportunity to do that work better than it's ever been done before. An opportunity to build a brand-new Britain—with all the things we need.

And surely no one can ask more of life than the opportunity to make it better.

Our Foreign "Visitors"

I wonder how many of the European refugees in this country will want to stay here permanently. A large number, I expect. Should we invite them to stay?

Personally, I find it difficult to make up my mind. I find I feel differently about it according to my feelings about particular individuals.

For instance, when a Czech friend of mine told me the other day that he hoped to become a naturalized Englishman, I was delighted. He's the kind of man who'd be an asset to any country.

The fact that such a man should want to live and work in my particular country struck me as being a great compliment. What he would be gaining by it, I wasn't sure. But I was quite sure that we should be gaining a great deal.

On the other hand, there's the type of refugee who seems to overrun the district he lives in. Uncharitable to say so, perhaps. But there's no sense in being hypocritical about it.

We all know the type. He and, more often, she seem somehow to get hold of all the things the rest of us can't get. Flats, motor cars, petrol, fur coats, food—it always seems to come to them. How they manage it, nobody knows. But it's evident they know their way about much better than we do.

That wouldn't be so hard to bear, perhaps, if only they didn't show their contempt for us British mugs so obviously. Shoving their way, regardless, to the head of every queue. Talking at the tops of their voices in the cinemas. Sneering at, or attempting to bully, the public servants who wait on them—bus conductors, taxi drivers and the like—and generally behaving as if they were lords of the universe compelled to live among the rabble.

Or is this merely our jealousy? Jealousy at seeing these foreigners making themselves so comfortable in our country?

Human feelings apart, history shows that when we've welcomed foreign immigrants, we've nearly always been the gainers by it. Ever since Elizabethan days, they've brought with them new arts and crafts, new skills, new ideas.

The answer, then, seems to be that we should absorb as many of these refugees as want to stay—and that we can find room for. And if some of their ways don't seem quite to coincide with ours, maybe a few more years of living together will help us both to appreciate those charming qualities in each other that we've so far failed to see.

Time for a Change

It's pleasant to know one bears an old and famous (if not honoured) name. Glancing through the recently published *Encyclopædia of Phrases and Origins*, I came across the following:

"HODGE . . . has been a contemptuous name for a rustic since the sixteenth century."

Which made me wonder if I was also in the dictionary. I found I was—though more politely. "Typical English agricultural labourer," said my dictionary.

We Hodges must have done a mort of digging, these last few hundred years, to have earned such a name for it. It seems to me it's high time we took up music and the arts now, and let the Vere de Veres and Montmorencies have our spades.

No wonder gardening makes me tired!

More Babies for What?

After listening to all the propaganda for larger families, I am still unconvinced.

Do we really need more babies? And more babies for what?

It's all very well to talk about our falling population. But have we so much food, clothing, shelter (and, above all, living space) in this little island, that we really need all these people?

Mind you, I'm not against people having large families, if they want them. Two of the happiest women I know are mothers of large families. And neither of them is a wealthy woman, either. For a woman to bring up a large family on ordinary wages—and to be gloriously happy while doing it—is something a man can only marvel at, in reverent silence.

One of these happy mothers has just written to tell me that she has taken in another boy, an orphan—because, she says, "he needs a home, and one more among so many won't make any difference."

This is surely living life to the full; getting out of life a savour that the childless will never know. Such mothers should be heavily endowed by the State (by the rest of us, that is) so that they can express their love of rearing children to the top of their bent—without having to worry for a single instant about making ends meet.

But should those of us who haven't that same strong urge to rear a large family make a special effort to produce more babies?

The powers-that-be say that we should. I still remain unconvinced. I'm still looking for an answer to my first question. More babies for what?

the human machine

SEEING LIFE WHOLE

BROWNING'S EXHORTATION to "see Life steadily and see it whole," was never more needed than at the present time.

Wherever you go there is grumbling and resentment and downright anger. Much of it is justified, and yet—compared to the sum of life, compared even to the span of one individual life—to what does it really amount? Only a passing phase when looked at against the whole!

Turgenev, the great Russian novelist, once brought this question into sharp relief by a conversation he imagined between those two majestic Swiss mountains, the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc. The first said:

"You are much taller than I am. Tell me what you see."

"I see green almost everywhere, with a very large number of black specks moving about in the midst of it; of white there is something, but not much."

Long ages passed away, and the Jungfrau said again to her sister mountain:

"What do you see now?"

"The green has considerably diminished, and although the black specks are still numerous, they are certainly fewer."

Again vast spaces of time glided by, and the Jungfrau once more asked:

"What do you see now?"

"The black specks have disappeared, the green has disappeared, the white is everywhere. All is well!"

Next time you get the notion that the world was created for your special benefit, just ponder for a few moments on the moral of this little fable!

by Roffe Thompson

It seemed an age until she drew herself erect and turned to him. He looked for a start of revulsion

MAN IN THE SHADOW

by EVE ORME

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

The occupant of the lonely cottage was always a topic of village gossip. Who was he? Why did he live in exile and walk only by night? A hungry dog gate-crashed the stranger's solitude and the truth was known

THE MAN WALKED FAST. His footsteps resounded clearly in the dark, hedge-shadowed country lane. Soon the moon, now showing above distant trees, would rise high in the heavens to light his way. Already its pale gleam softened and changed the world, until it seemed to him as though he walked upon another planet, one on which, free from the glances of morbidly curious eyes, he could move without fear.

A gentle breeze, bearing upon it the eternal thrill of spring, fanned his scarred features. He breathed in the air with fervour as though savouring a rare wine. It held a tang, that sweet-smelling breeze, of freshly ploughed soil.

His thoughts, despite himself, flew to early summer, to the scent of wallflowers—that dearest, homeliest scent of all; to summer evenings and asparagus eaten at a country dinner table, the windows of the room open to the June night. How memory could mock! As though such memories had any value to a man who knew himself a blot upon it all!

He strode on, his hands deep in his pockets. What weapon, he wondered, could God be expected to give a man to fight the knowledge of his inevitable aloneness? A saint, a hermit perhaps, might rise above it, but he was neither.

At the hospital life had been easier. There, where all spoke the same jargon of the facially mutilated, he had been in company with others like himself. He remembered all too well that tragi-comic jargon, in which miraculously there was no bitterness. Those wisecracks—"I'm bound to say, old man, that they haven't done me too badly with my new pair of ears . . . a darned good repair shop."

Yes, it was being alone, away from all those others, that was the devil. That, and his present waiting—the last operation over—recovering, resting, before the next.

"Enjoy yourself," one of the surgeons had said to him when he left. "Get about a bit . . . you can if you mean to. Yes, I know all the snags, but we'll make a new man of you before we've done. It may take time, but you'll have a face that you won't be ashamed of. Maybe it'll be a better-looking one than the dial you had. Who knows?"

They were damned good, those surgeons. They knew what to say and how to say it. They faced the thing squarely, without obvious pity, and they held out hope and faith. There was a word for it—"rehabilitation."

All the same, they did not pretend that ever again one would look normal.

Some of those others had homes to go to, but not he. His home had collapsed on the bodies of his parents when their house had been hit by a V1. An advertisement had brought him to a cottage in this village where he practised the art of living alone.

He must have walked the best part of five miles. This was his favourite time for exercise, when most of the village people were asleep.

He was nearing home now. Home. The word could be a jibe. Putting his hand on the latch of the garden gate, he thought, "I can find this latch. I can see the path up to the cottage door. I have my hands—my eyes. Some chaps have lost theirs. How dare I whine?"

But—"Home"? "No," said that inner, ruthless voice that was always so ready with its comments. "Home isn't home without a woman in it . . . without children. . . ." He bit hard on that.

The front door of the cottage stood open. "Must get that handle done," he thought. "Do it tomorrow." A puff of wind, and the door blew open.

He stood now for a second on the threshold of the living-room, senses pricked, knowing that just beyond him something moved and breathed. So had he stood once two years ago, by a hay-stack, after baling out over enemy country, when the thing that moved had been a Hun. But now?

He switched on the light, and stood staring. "Good lord," he said aloud to the huge dog facing him. "So you pushed open the door? Shows enterprise, but who the deuce are you?"

THE dog was golden-brown in colour with massive shoulders, and the ugly, indescribably engaging grin of the bull-mastiff.

"Come on," said the man. "Don't be so infernally up-stage. You're no oil painting yourself, come to that, but I suppose there are people who like you that way."

Slowly, a little stealthily, the dog advanced, sniffing a trifle suspiciously at the hand hung downwards for his inspection.

"O.K.?" said the man, after a second. "Same here. I like you. You're my kind of dog." He stroked the huge neck. "How'd you mislay your collar? Aren't you rather overdoing it, walking about improperly dressed?"

The dog lay down, stretching out his fore-paws, and laying upon them a face that was so ugly as to be beautiful, depending upon how you viewed it. "I might as well be here as anywhere," his attitude seemed to indicate. "In fact, if you've no objection, I'll stay for a bit."

The room seemed filled with a companionable silence. Then, "Been going rather short of rations?" asked the man, noting protruding ribs. It was strange what a relief it was to hear oneself talking to another, even though that other was a dog. This was a real Bonzo, and no mistake; a gent down on his luck, behaving with decency, neither snarling nor whining; friendly but not obsequious; aloof a little, but never uncivil. It appeared obvious that there was something to be learnt from dogs.

"Care for a biscuit?" the man asked aloud. "Afraid I'm not much of a housekeeper." He made his way to the kitchen and the dog followed, moving towards the larder door where he stood, his nose to the floor, and sniffed.

"O.K., son, have patience," said his host.

Supper over, Bonzo showed little inclination to leave.

"Sorry, old chap, but I'll have to throw you out." The man opened the front door. "Can't commit a felony on your account, you know, and someone may be missing you. I should myself, I do believe, if you were mine. So long, and look in any time you're passing." He shut the door. The cottage seemed dead again.

The man washed up his own and Bonzo's plate. Thankfully he realized that he was at the end of yet another day.

Bonzo looked in again. On the next night—the next, and the next one after that.

"You know, old chap, I hate to say it, but I wish the authorities would produce a ration card for dogs and that you'd bring it with you," said the man,

as he watched his sole remaining tin of sardines licked clean.

Next morning, the advertisement appeared in the local paper. "Stolen from his home. Dog answering to name of Rex. Breed Boxer. Resembles bull-mastiff. Light red in colour. Reward offered. Phone Wraston 47."

Wraston was a village some ten miles away. It might mean Bonzo or it might not. Most likely it did. Slowly, laggingly, the man went to the telephone.

The voice that answered was warm, musical, vibrant. Susceptible as he was to quality in a speaking voice, it hit him, as he himself would have said, "A knock." He visualized the owner as a tall, slim girl, with the rarely found, but indestructible quality of natural dignity. There was, of course, no reason for him to imagine so much about her; no reason at all, but he did.

Now she was saying, in answer to his description of the dog: "Oh, I hope it's Rex! He must have had a dreadful time. He's been missing for a week, and he never leaves me. May I come and see if he really is my dog?"

"Please do. . . ." But then, he paused, apprehension filling his mind. For it was all right speaking to this girl on the phone, but it would be a different matter to meet her face to face. Supposing pity came into her eyes, or that entrancing voice of hers were to falter, proving her at a loss. He could stand anything but that . . . damned silly though . . . a girl he'd never set eyes on.

"I'm afraid he only comes at night," he said. "It might be rather awkward for you to get here then."

"Oh no, it won't be," said the girl. "I've got a car. Can I come tonight?"

"Er—of course."

It was 8.30 when he heard the sound of a car in the lane. Excitement throbbed in him. But there was still no sign of Bonzo, which was not surprising when you remembered that he had become accustomed to the vagaries of a man who walked till ten at night and then came home to eat.

He reached the garden gate just as the car came to a standstill. Thank heaven, he thought, for darkness.

A voice—the same voice—asked, "I wonder if I have come to the right house? I am looking for the one where Wing Commander Brant lives."

"I am Wing Commander Brant," said the man. "You spoke to me on the telephone."

"Of course I did. I recognize your voice. It was so kind of you to have rung me," said the girl as she stepped from the car.

She was tall and slim, exactly as he had imagined her. A whiff of flower perfume came from her. He had brought a torch with him, and now for a second he shone it in her face. She wore no hat, and her hair was fair and wind-blown. He couldn't, in the short space which he allowed himself, see the colour of her eyes. But her presence pervaded his senses. The old song was right. There was no doubt. . . .

"I'm afraid your dog hasn't turned up yet," he said. "He generally comes round about ten."

"Oh. . . ." There was disappointment in her voice. "I mustn't bother you from now till then. An aunt of mine lives in the village—Mrs. Daycourt—perhaps you know her? I'll go and pay a visit to her and come back again."

She was taking off her fur. Then she handed it to him.

"I wonder would you keep this for me and leave it on a chair in your house? If the dog is Rex, he will get my scent, and then you will know. If he takes no notice of it, perhaps you would telephone to me at my aunt's? Somehow—I don't want to come and find another dog. I'm afraid I'm rather a fool about him. I've missed his incredibly ugly face. . . . But then—probably you know how one feels. . . ."

Brant stood looking after the car, until its rear light disappeared. Unless Bonzo were not hers, she would come back. She would come back in joy, or she would leave the village in disappointment. He held the fur against his face, and inhaled for a moment the flower-like scent of her. Which alternative did he really hope for? Which?

In the sitting-room he became fidgety. The room looked untidy. It was bad that he had got so slack. He put more coal upon the fire.

Suddenly he heard the front door, which he had left unlatched, swing open, and a second later the familiar, bulky shape entered the room.

"Hello, old man!"

Bonzo's head went up. He sniffed. Then he stopped dead by the chair, sniffing around it. The next moment he had leapt upon the fur, his body taut with excitement, his tail going.

"Here, steady on," said Brant, "Don't eat it!"

Bonzo was a different dog.

"Well, that is that," thought the man as he went to the telephone. The dog made no attempt to follow him into the hall. He lay upon the fur.

"Oh!" said the girl at the other end of the line. "Is it awful to say 'Thank God' about a dog? But I do mean it! I'm coming now!"

"Do," said Brant.

He went to a mirror and looked into it—hard, unflinchingly. He looked at the worst of himself, not seeing the blue-grey eyes with their deep-set look of pain. Then, turning from the mirror, he sat down to wait.

At the sound of the car, he said to the dog, "Coming, old man? She's here."

With the fur in his mouth, Bonzo followed him. The girl was already out of the car. "Call him," said Brant. "He's waiting for you!"

"Rex! Rex!" Bonzo stood an instant, then dropped the fur at Brant's feet and bounded forward, nearly knocking the girl over with the impact of his body. Girl and dog clasped each other for a moment, the dog half mad with excitement.

Still with him bounding about her, the girl said, "I've brought a collar for him. It's a new one, and rather stiff. May I please come into your house to put it on?"

"Of course," said Brant. "Please do."

Together they walked up the garden path. "I remember this cottage from the time when I used to come to stay with my aunt during my school holidays. It's rather a darling," she said. "By the way, through all this I've never even told you my name. It's Valerie Palmer."

She moved before him into the cottage, and on into the sitting-room, the dog close beside her, claiming all her attention. She bent to put the collar on the huge neck. It seemed an age until she drew herself erect and turned to him.

He looked for a start of revulsion in those eyes that were as he had imagined them, so clearly blue. None came. There was a dawning comprehension, and that was all. He wondered dreadfully what she must be thinking.

He could not know that she was taking in the strength of his body, his finely shaped hands, and the proud tragedy of his eyes in that tortured face. Her glance had come to rest upon it, and her eyes did not waver. They remained, as he had hardly dared to hope they would, steady and kind. How lovely she was.

"I must apologize for this room being in somewhat of a mess," he said. "You see, I haven't entertained guests for some time. I'm afraid that at the moment I am rather anti-social."

He could see the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed. "Rex, be quiet!" she said to the dog. "Don't get so excited! Sit!" At her command Rex lay down, his head upon his paws.

She did not answer Brant, but raised her eyes and looked straight into his. "I had a brother in the R.A.F. He went down."

"Bad luck," said Brant. "Too many of the best did." They still stared at one another, and he knew she did not flinch. He knew more—that she did not feel like flinching. Somewhere, deep within him, something stirred that was akin to hope.

"I suppose you were through it all?" she said.

"Yes. Pretty well from the start."

"You must have fine memories."

"I have."

"Only one shouldn't live on memories, should one?" she asked.

"That, perhaps, is easy for those people to say who have a future."

"A future in work? Haven't we all—these days?"

"I didn't mean only in work. To paraphrase a saying: man cannot live by work alone."

"I know."

Silence fell between them while quick understanding throbbed. Then she said, "You are taking it the wrong way."

He felt as though he had known her for ever, and that with her ordinary small talk would be superfluous. He knew what she meant, as he would always know, but he said, "Taking what?" because with her there could be neither skirmishing nor pretence. It was strange to remember how livid he would have been had any other spoken to him so. How he would have retreated—turned the subject.

"The injury to your face." It came, straight as a shot from a gun.

He smiled his twisted smile.

"You see," she went on, "whatever the war may have failed to teach us, it did teach us not to look only at the outside of a person, but rather to look for what you in the R.A.F. call 'moral fibre.' May I please have a cigarette?"

He rose and offered her his case, holding out a match to her. Above its light, her face close to his, her eyes lingered gently upon his scars. Quite deliberately she studied them. Her voice was soft when she spoke her next words, a little hesitating, yet the words themselves came firmly. "How obstinate you are in your self-imposed aloneness, and yet, how fine . . . like the well-bred beast who goes alone to the forest to suffer and lick his wounds."

He had been staring at her ringless left hand.

"When most of us," she said, "feel so humble that we just don't know how we can repay, you won't help us to. You turn away from us. You won't accept our poor offerings any more. Perhaps I have said too much. Forgive me, please."

"You could never say too much," he said.

"Then—after tonight—may I and Rex please come and see you?" She laughed. "You are making me feel a very forward woman . . . it's hardly fair."

His sudden pallor showed up his scars more clearly. "Would you," he said, "really come?"

"I will come," she answered. "And," looking round the room, "I shall tidy you up. I'll start with the kitchen. I know what a man's kitchen can be."

"It sounds rather like a life-work," he said boldly.

Her head bent low, she stroked her dog. Then she raised her eyes to his. "That would not worry me," she said, "admiring as I do—the well-bred beast."

By IAN FOX

Spy Disclosures

A few days ago I was delighted to run into Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy. She was surrounded by that aura of cosmopolitan, glamorous mystery which renders even armament manufacturers as soft as a piece of putty in her hands.

"Well, this *is* lucky," I said, with a fleeting wish that I were a piece of putty in her hands.

"*Ach, mein lieber ami!*" she exclaimed in her delicious international accents. "This is so nice. *Je suis très heureuse*, gorblimey yes."

"You're looking wonderful," I said. She was wearing a cossack hat saucily perched over one eye and a full-length mink coat.

"Ha, you mean this coat, *hein*? I bought him just lately in Paris when I was preparing secret reports on the starving population."

"Have you been working on the atom bomb?" I asked.

"But, of course. I have been for weeks in Canada spying for the darling Stalin," she answered. "And I have also been an agent working for the glorious British in the Kremlin, *n'est-ce pas?*" she added. "And Uncle Sam, he employ me, too, *mio caro.*"

"What about Franco?" I asked.

"Oh, *quien sabe?* He likes me to meet the high officials for him. But he has no *anxiété* about *la bombe atomique*—all the time he wants *l'information interieure* about what is to happen to Goering and Co."

Irma del Monico had many adventures while tracking atom secrets. Once she penetrated inside the laboratory where a vital experiment was being conducted. It was so delicate that scientists were watching from a long distance through mirrors arranged on a maze of blast walls.

Suddenly, they were horrified to see through the mirrors a figure bending over the top-secret apparatus and examining it closely. It was Irma, looking ravishing in sables and a chic little hat trimmed with a curled ostrich feather.

The scientists ran into the maze of blast walls. One dashed straight into a mirror, thinking it was an opening, and knocked himself out. A second tried to wrestle with his reflection and then passed out from shock.

"I swallowed my notes before leaving, of course," she said. "But *hélas!* I was discovered and taken to hospital where they got the notes back. The code word was 'Operation Irma'."

"*Mauvais chance,*" I said.

"And now, *mon cher*, I must *immédiatement* scram. I have some very high naval men coming to cocktails. They are taking me with them on a warship to observe the atom bomb dropped in the Pacific. For them I must now visit my *marchand de cigarettes* where I am what you call a 'regular.' He always has my favourite drugged cigarettes *au dessus de* the counter."

PLAN FOR BETTER RACEGOING

For too long, the ordinary racegoer has been treated as an "outsider." His interests are now being studied by the autocrats of the Turf . . . says JOHN MACADAM

ONE OF THE MORE heartening pronouncements to the British sporting public following the end of the war was that in which the Stewards of the Jockey Club declared their peace policy and promised cheaper and better accommodation.

In considerable detail, the Stewards outlined their plans for the increase of prize money and the reduction of expenses to owners.

But what the dyed-in-the-wool Silver Ring fan wants to know is: What do I get out of it? What more of the races shall I see than the flash-past of the jockeys' caps?

What reduction is there going to be in admission money? What reduction in the temperature of the beer and the true temper of the sandwiches? What increase in the cubic capacity of the stands?

With the best will in the world, the Stewards of the Jockey Club cannot give the desired direct answers to these questions and it is as well, without going into any elaborate apologia, to state some of the reasons for this incapacity.

In the first place, there are three Stewards of the Jockey Club—Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Rosebery. These three men stand in autocratic relation to horse racing as a nabob to his domain.

They can bar anybody, from a stable lad to a mutiple owner, from Newmarket Heath—which means, in effect, from all participation in racing—they can make or break racing saints or sinners. They do resist all moves towards centralization that would cut out the smaller country meetings.

But they are not managing directors of a vast company and they cannot order minions to do such things as build stands and lower prices.

Not an Autocracy

It is not that kind of an autocracy. The basis for all contemplation of the activities of the Stewards of the Jockey Club must be this: Racing is not really a vast national spectacle at all; in fact, it is a highly specialized business carried on from course to course, and training and breeding centre to centre by a small, hard core of devotees. These devotees move round the calendar with the racing and, at point after point, they have their numbers swelled by local enthusiasts.

But, in the main, the Berkshire man goes only to Windsor and the Wiltshire man to Salisbury and the York man to the Knavesmire and so on; while the hard core—the real backbone of the racing business, goes on from meeting to meeting.

It is for this select band that racing legislation is laid down and, if you want my candid opinion, the one-or-two-meetings-a-year man doesn't matter very much in the last analysis.

The fact is that if the man in the street never went racing at all, it would make no difference whatever to the continuance of the sport. The same small band would continue to buy thoroughbred stock. The same small band would go on training it and the same small band would go on backing it.

Racing, in fact, is the one great national sport that does not depend primarily on mass attendance for its continued success.

Improvements Needed

This is not to say that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are, therefore, careless of the comfort and convenience of Mr. and Mrs. Silver Ring. On the contrary, they are keenly aware of present discomforts and inconveniences, and they have committed themselves to improvements through their liaison organization, the Racecourse Betting Control Board, whose popular scope is indicated by its make-up: the chairman appointed by the Home Secretary, one member representing Tattersalls, two members representing the National Hunt Committee, one member representing the Scottish Secretary, one member representing the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, one representing the Racecourse Association (organization of the racecourse executives), and three from the Jockey Club.

All these, with the exception of the chairman whose yearly emoluments total less than £2,000, give their services free.

The function of this board is to channel the money from their only source of revenue—the totalisator—back into racing to the best advantage of the ordinary spectator. Like all the people behind sport in this country today, they realize that the next five years will be boom years and the word has gone out to the racecourse executives that now is the time to show the general public something for its money.

As an incentive to racecourse executives, better fixtures will go to those showing the most determined front towards improvement of amenities. This is the only weapon the Jockey Club has and, with the board's finance committee being strengthened under the chairmanship of Lord Portal, it means to use it.

First priority goes to the increase of stake money, with the object of encouraging owners, for, after all, without owners there are no horses and no racing; priority two is to the assistance of owners in the transport of their horses around the courses; priority three is to the provision of such amenities as better-sighted and more commodious stands, cheaper admission, and eating and drinking facilities that will allow racegoers to act more like civilized human beings and less like infuriated all-in wrestlers.

The path to this Utopia bristles with difficulties, not the least of which are: the present forty-eight per cent entertainment tax, which is crippling to racing as it is to all other sport; the difficulty of securing Ministry of Works licences for reconstruction of existing buildings, not to mention the erection of new buildings; the fact that, after all deductions at the end of the 1945 season, there remains a mere £200,000 to be distributed back among forty-five racetracks, something like £4,000 for each track.

Bets Count Little

There is, besides, a tendency to regard every tanner-each-way betted in the street as a contribution to the general racing pool. This, simply, is not so. The only money that is at the disposal of the authorities—and that only by suggestion—comes from the racecourse totalisator percentages and from off-the-course credit betting conducted through Tote Investors' Ltd.

Nearly all money betted with bookmakers on and off the course, is lost to the sport, and although the reputable bookmakers are willing and even anxious to kick back a percentage of their takings towards the general welfare of the game, there is no way in which this can be done. Such is the law.

True, bookmakers pay a five-fold entrance fee for the privilege of setting up their stands on the course, but the main revenue from these payments goes to the racecourse executives, to be disbursed to their shareholders in the form of dividends.

The bookmakers themselves would be happy to see much more of their revenue going to the benefit of the public, but there is nothing they can do about it.

The moral of all this appears to be that if the racegoer wants to kick, he must kick the right persons who, in this case, are not the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who want to encourage the small bettor to go racing; or even, particularly, the executives of the racetracks. The real villain of the piece would appear to be a stiff-necked legislature, backed by a mythical nonconformist opinion, while it grasps at the shadow of a crippling tax and loses the substance of wide, popular approval.

Lord Rosebery — Lord Willoughby de Broke — Sir Humphrey de Trafford

The three Stewards of the Jockey Club stand in autocratic relation to horseracing as a nabob to his domain. They can bar anybody from Newmarket Heath and make or break saints and sinners of the racetrack

Free Speech

DON'T WASTE THE OVER-SIXTIES

Gifts for us—or for Europe. Don't miss your meals. Mining family not deterred by tragedies. Out-of-date farthings. Celebrate by decorating heroes. Ex-Service shoes for civvies. What readers think of us. Clerks must fight for themselves

THE AVERAGE MANUAL WORKER can hardly be called "widely experienced" until he is sixty. Then, at that age, he is either "waste material" or a very useful man to know. More often than not he dies if he stops working.

I would like to see a State-equipped workshop to which old and experienced workmen could submit their ideas. If the ideas were good they should be allowed to work them out with Government tools and materials.

With such a workshop we would profit by experience instead of scrapping it.—W. PATON (Consulting Engineer), 45 Egerton Gardens, Hendon, N.W.4.

Benefit of the Clergy

MY SISTER-IN-LAW, accepting a lift from a clergyman, was worried when he removed his black front and collar and disclosed a fierce red pull-over.

But he told her not to be alarmed. It was only his trick for getting into a

"Only his trick"

hospital to see a friend outside visiting hours. — COLIN V. BURGESS, Newton Farm, Bicknoller, Taunton, Somerset.

Straying Gift Horses

AUSTRALIA, New Zealand and Canada are making special gifts of food to Britain because they realize that we are on "short commons" and want to help us out.

It is to *augment* our resources and not merely to maintain them at the present level that we are being given this food. Why, then, should the gifts, or any part of them, be added to the common stock for distribution in Europe?

You cannot blame our Dominion and Colonial cousins for feeling aggrieved at the thought that some of their gifts are going to help people who have been our deadly enemies, and theirs, for six years.—MRS. G. A. ROGERS, 7 Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton 6.

Be Fed Up—It Pays

BY EATING the right kind of foods, I think disease can be prevented in many cases. There should be an official campaign to warn all young people of the disasters that will come if they do not eat proper meals.

So many girls in their teens ruin their health by having a bun or a sandwich at midday after a round of toast for breakfast.

I saved quite a bit like that, but I lost it, and my health, when I was twenty-seven. Because you feel fit at first, it does not mean you will remain so if you don't take care of yourself.—REGRETTING, Gloucester. (Name and address enclosed.)

Loyal to the Pits

MY FATHER WAS KILLED at the coal face after many years down the pits. Two of my brothers have been severely injured. A brother-in-law was killed in a cage accident and two others were injured badly in pit accidents. Despite all this I have never heard a member of my family run down mining.—MISS S. MARTIN, Pillaton, near Penkridge, Staffs.

Naval History

WREN FRIEND GIVEN to understand by high-ranking officer she was in essential category, signed on for further three months. Week later, along with six other Wrens, was sent on "Citizenship" course consisting of visits to old English churches.—D. C. E., W.C.1. (Name and address enclosed.)

So Far, No Farthing

AFTER EACH BIG WAR the value of money has shrunk. The penny bazaar went out after 1918. The sixpenny stores arrived; now they cannot keep to the sixpenny limit.

But our lowest value coin persists. It is a nuisance and I think the farthing has had its day.—J. C. MORTIMER, 230 Longfellow Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Idea for Victory Day

WOULD IT NOT be a good idea for the brave lads who have not yet received their decorations to have them presented on June 8 as part of local festivities, instead of having them delivered by post?

My son was awarded the M.C., and I know he and his wife were very disappointed when the presentations by the King were cancelled.—MRS. A. RAMSDEN, 24 Regent Park Grove, Morecambe, Lancs. (Guinea sent to Morecambe Hospital as requested.)

Off-duty Duty

FOR FIVE AND A HALF DAYS a week I work as a cinema operator, putting on the films and running them. My wife is very fond of films but is not keen on going alone, so on my day off I take her. Most times I enjoy the show.—A. H. PRYOR, 61 Trevenson Street, Camborne, Cornwall.

Heartburn

AFTER A SHIFT IN THE PIT I set off for the two-mile walk home in a blustering wind. With my pipe going well, my overcoat collar turned up and my head well down, I made a good pace.

Gradually I became conscious of something like heartburn (a complaint I have never had in my life). It got so bad I threw my overcoat open — and immediately burst into flames. One side of my braces was burnt through and my shirt was partly destroyed. I am very careful now when I smoke in a wind.—W. H. COLCLOUGH, Fir Cottage, Bignall End, Stoke-on-Trent.

Footprint

WHY DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT release some of the good shoes made for the Service girls? There must be thousands of pairs which will never be used and, coupon-free, they would be a blessing to many a harassed mother and daughter.—EDMUND A. GRAHAM, 40 Portland Avenue, Hove, Sussex.

Kitchen Deliveries

YOUR READER, Mrs. Archer, of Shropshire, who advocated milk chutes would be interested to see some houses being built at Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

They have a cabinet let into the outside wall of the kitchenette. It has three compartments—one for the milkman, one for the baker and one for the butcher. Once deliveries have been made the compartments are self-locking.—A. S. PAKES, 20 Peach Street, Luton, Bedfordshire.

JOHN BULL in Colour

WITH its outspoken comments and its eternal fight for the oppressed, I've often heard it said JOHN BULL couldn't be improved. But the new edition beats all.—D. G. BULLOCK, Nottingham.

Still the same good old JOHN BULL, but brighter, better and more cheerful-looking. What a welcome change!—MRS. E. BERRY, 34 Victoria Street, Chadderton, Staffs.

I feel lost; but loyalty to JOHN BULL prevents me from cancelling my order.—S. H. MITCHELL, 97 Bedminster Down Road, Bristol 3.

Though in my eighty-ninth year, I feel I must write and congratulate you.—J. J. MILLS (reader from the first issue), Old Windsor.

Your lovely colour edition came into my sick room and was as much a tonic as the doctor's medicine.—MRS. IDA E. HUGHES, 2 Lintlsay Road, Sheffield 5.

As cheering as an extra food ration. The covers are a masterpiece.—E. S. DANES, 112 Kenwood Road, Birmingham.

Congratulations on your courage, leadership and wisdom in giving us what was never more necessary than now—change and colour.—J. WILLIAMSON, 11 Windermere Road, Stockport.

It looks as though JOHN BULL has changed his sex.—J. SCARTH, Fortescue Lane, Rugeley, Staffs.

If future issues give me the same uplift as this morning's colour edition, JOHN BULL will be worth twice its price.—A. D. HEYS, 36 Eastbourne Avenue, Gosport, Hants.

Why not a Picasso "masterpiece" on the cover to indicate that you have fully bent the knee to modernization?—G. F. WILCOCK, 15 Gowers Street, Rochdale.

From now on, I'm saving the copies and shall have them bound. They are worth it.—R. BUTTON, 6 Florence Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

It was like meeting an old, valued friend, who had always been quietly dressed, in a new check suit of the "loud" variety.—G. D. B., Birmingham 18.

Priority

IN A POST OFFICE RECENTLY, I was surprised to see all the writing cubicles filled with men obviously deep in

"I disturbed all the students"

thought. I waited for a pen for several minutes and then, as I only wanted to sign a postal order, made inquiries.

There was quite a commotion. I had disturbed all the students at their football pools.—MISS J. COUPE, 30 Berne Avenue, Horwich, near Bolton, Lancs.

Clerks in Unison

ONE OF YOUR READERS recently pleaded that the clerk should be given his due. The clerk will get his due when he realizes his own value and is prepared to organize and fight for his rightful place in the community.

If the clerk continues to ask someone else to pity him, he will continue to be shabby and underpaid. Fortunately the increasing strength of the clerks' union shows that many think differently from your correspondent and prefer to work, as other sections of the community have done, for the establishment of trade union conditions of employment.—B. ANNE GOODWIN, 30 Clouston Street, Glasgow, N.W.

"In the old days you could have relied on there being soldiers with tommy-guns behind that hedge"

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

STOP ROAD SLAUGHTER

More cars will soon be on the road than for the past five years. Death, too, will drive with them, unless there is a new and scientific approach to discover causes beyond mere court evidence

by JOHN MAY

MONDAY BEGINS THE FIRST springtime car-licensing quarter since peace—and basic petrol. There will be friends to visit again, a picnic at the weekend.

It is six years since I put my old car up on bricks, and drained the water from the radiator. Then, living on a farm three miles from the railway station and four from a town, I went out and bought a pony and trap.

The advantage of a pony is that very often it has as much "road sense" as the driver, if not more. A car, alas, has none. It is just a senseless machine, ready to deal out delight—or death.

Yes, let's face it. Before this quarter is out, there may easily be a grisly new record in road fatalities. Death has at least five new allies.

We one-time steady drivers, though we still hold licences, became inexperienced again during the war. Even those who were driving all the time had the roads almost to themselves. They could easily get into sloppy highway habits.

Pedestrians need not feel superior, either. Comparative traffic freedom has made many new jay-walkers in the last five or six years.

On the odd occasions when I leave the farm to visit London, the way people dash about among the traffic when they are crossing the street makes my hair stand on end.

Clever Cut-and-run Chap

What the clever cut-and-run chap doesn't realize, of course, is that it's not his "faultless" judgment that gets him safely across. It is the motorist taking his foot off the accelerator and jabbing it on the brake.

So what is likely to happen one day, when "Mr. Dash-for-it" does last-across in front of an old crock that has been laid up so long that its brake cables have rotted, needs no description.

Gingerly and with extreme caution is the only way to drive our resurrected vehicles. Idle years cannot be wiped away with a polishing rag. Personally, I poured in some petrol, only to find that my young sons had partly filled the tank with builder's sand. Result: it was rusted through in a score of places.

Road-worthiness has been rotted in even more serious ways than this on many cars.

Those three boys of mine (the eldest is eleven) worry me more than anything else about peace-time motoring. Like hundreds of other children, they have grown up with full knowledge of the doings of "doodlebugs" and the risks of air raids. But they know little or nothing of road danger.

Five Threats to Life

Inexperienced children, pedestrians and drivers, plus cranky cars—these are four new threats to life this coming summer. The fifth is this: lacking the excitements of war, many young motorists will indulge in excessive speed to satisfy their lust for thrills and danger.

In the face of these five risks, what can we do to prevent the road casualty lists from growing ever longer?

Officialdom tries to frighten us with figures. Road accidents cost us £100,000,000 a year. They have slaughtered more than 44,000 men, women and children in six years. Every day seventy people are knocked down in London alone.

Frankly, we are publicly pelted with millions so frequently nowadays that such figures mean practically nothing. They may make a statistician turn pale. But a near-shave for little Nellie or young Jim, or a ten-bob fine out of our own pocket, means a whole lot more to ordinary folk.

This is the angle from which officialdom should preach road safety to us. The personal angle. Not with silly figures which mean about as much to most of us as miles-to-the-moon do to a gnat.

There ought also to be a big change in the nation's whole approach to road safety measures. Too many of the moves already made are shots in the dark. White lines and traffic lights have notably proved their worth. But not so some other cure-alls, such as the absurd "beacons."

Why do accidents happen? Almost everybody has a favourite, ready-made reason, regardless of the fact that there may be ten or a dozen factors all working together in causing a fatality. You cannot solve such a complicated problem by this too easy, simplified thinking.

How, then, to arrive at the real causes?

To the police, an accident is just another case. To the Press, it may be a news story. To the victim's family, a tragedy, to the insurance company, a claim. But who is interested in it as something to study, from which road safety lessons may be learned?

This is where transport should listen to industry. In factories today there are industrial psychologists who study accidents and their causes.

Truth Behind "Evidence"

Scientists and psychologists should be appointed to study road accidents. They should be empowered to collect facts that do not come to light in the courts.

Everybody who has ever been involved in a road case knows that often half the court "evidence" is just so much conflicting nonsense. This will always be the same while human nature remains, and while blame or fines, damages or endorsement, are being apportioned.

But psychologists seeking truth for truth's sake could do better. They would get personal facts, mechanical facts, road facts, weather facts, lighting facts. They would survey hundreds of cases. And, in their analysis, true road death causes would be revealed.

Then we could fight the *facts* of road fatalities, instead of boxing with a bogy. I believe that a year's survey would bring out unexpectedly important clues to the causes of accidents. And legislation could then be framed to deal with something known and definite.

What might the psychologists bring to light? We can only guess at it. Possibly that almost every accident has at least six coinciding causes. Perhaps a high proportion of accidents among beginners, or very young drivers, or those over a certain age. Perhaps a particularly bad record among "accident prone" people.

Maybe some types of car controls are wrong, or certain road corners and surfaces need altering. Perhaps people who are unwittingly deaf on one side, or have bad sight, are more likely to be run down than others.

No Use Guessing

Which are the schoolchildren most often figuring in accidents—those at the top of the class, or the bottom? What use is guessing? None.

We cannot know the answers for certain without adequate accident investigation and analysis. Tackled scientifically, the road menace could be curbed, and in time cut down to a minimum.

Meantime, Monday is Carmada Day! An armada of cars is waiting to hit the highway for the first time since the war. And those of us who go out on the roads again must remember this: a car is a lethal weapon, to be handled with care.

Somewhere today a little boy or girl is playing happily, a man or woman is planning ahead for the summer days of peace. Whether he or she will be alive next week or next month depends on us, and the way we drive.

£500 for someone—and FREE holidays for 26!

Here's a £500 fortune and, to celebrate winning it, a glorious Free Week's Holiday for Two! That's the thrilling news in store for some entrant in this week's great *Bullets* Holiday Prize Offer—and there's no reason why that reader should not be you.

On Friday, April 12, congratulations from *John Bull* will be wired to the £500-plus-Holiday First Prize-winner. And next day twelve other readers will hear they have won big cheques and holidays for two.

Start now on your efforts for that coupon below and be sure you post it by Monday, April 1.

RULES. 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated April 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,518

FIRST PRIZE, £250: A. Lyddon, Brentry Colony, Bristol: **Job To Find—"Peace," Without "Kindly Light."** SECOND PRIZE, £50: A. L. Griffiths, 6 Walmer Terrace, Glasgow: **Grousing About Life—"Safety-valve," But Try Whistle!** THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. L. Nobbs, 11 Riding Fields Square, Beverley: **Job To Play—"Cricket"—Others Playing "Grab."**

£10 WINNERS: Mrs. M. Bagnall, 35 Meynell Street, Church Gresley: **Job To Know—Which Official's Ignoring Me!** J. Barber, 12 Fort Road, Prestwich, near Manchester: **Job To Feed—Europe? Alternative's "Feeding" Disease.** Sig. R. Deval, 21 Rona Road, Hampstead, N.W.3: **To Satisfy Everybody—Takes Superman—Or Mother!** J. Follons, 105a Nethergate, Dundee: **Hungry World—Heading For Another "Basinful"?** L. Gatherer, c/o Dowley, 320 Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E.6: **Grousing About Life—You "Won't Hear Skylark."** E. Knight, "Mayville," Vicarage Road, Hinckley: **Every Saturday—Chains "Kicked Off," Too.** A. J. Mace, 71 Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport: **Every Saturday—Night, Missus "Forecasts" Workhouse!** N. Newland, 155 Horton Road, Yiewsley, Middlesex: **Family Conference—Overcoats? Bed? Another Shovelful?** H. F. J. Powell, 51 Harvey Road, W. Worthing: **Our Bread—"On the Waters," Exports.** E. Trigg, 35 Palace Street, Canterbury: **Heaven For Her—Henpeck Discovers He's Exchanged!**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

XWORD 470 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Flee. 2, Miser. 4, Moors. 8, Home. 13, Doll. 14, Blood. DOWN: 1, Flush. 3, Rove. 5, Rags. 6, Power. 7, Fur. 9, Fee. 10, Sound. 11, Word. 12, Cool.

£100 SHARERS: F. Davis; E. Day; Cfn. S. M. Ellis; Cpl. G. E. Johnson; G. E. Johnson, Snr.; T. Pinfield; L.A.C. H. Pritchard; Mrs. L. Waistell.

Runners-up awards (value £50 cash) shared between 28 entrants.

EASTER XWORD PRIZES

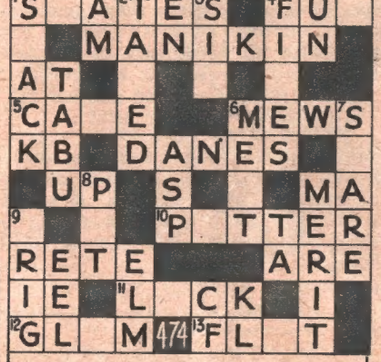
More Big Easter Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's seasonable new offer—£100 First and £25 cash for Runners-up. Post your Square below by Monday, April 1.

Across Clues.

1. Effort should be made to keep them off thin ice
4. This is often made of rabbits
5. Some kiddies often cry out for more of this
10. Isn't likely to overshoot the mark now
11. Resourceful burglar may by ingenuity overcome this
12. Will probably put things in a deceptive light
13. Way tenant does this makes landlord really angry at times

Down Clues.

1. Tramp may occasionally get invaluable help from
2. Many people think John Citizen is pretty well this
3. When a man's called this, his position is thereby indicated
4. Holiday crowds should look out for these
6. Makes certain people see red
7. Some motorists ask for it—and get it.
8. Big one usually pays better
9. Has a distinctive way of attracting attention



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated April 13. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 1.

No. 474

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

"BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

26 Free Holidays.

£500 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; 10 of £10, each plus Holiday; 50 of £1; 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cooks Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S WEALTH
FOREMAN ATTLEE
PEACE WILL ENDURE IF
WHAT RUSSIA'S DOING
TEAM SPIRIT
PROBLEM OF THE ATOM
GIVEN A CHANCE
IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT
SPRING'S MAGIC
TRUNCHEON V. JEMMY
ONE TOO MANY
NO HOLIDAY
MODEL HUSBAND
SOUL IN TORMENT
IN A HUDDLE

LISTENING TO "ITMA"
INVITING DISASTER
EASY MONEY
UNDER LOCK AND KEY
AT OUR GROCER'S WEDDING

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions.

ALL OVER THE.....
PLANNING .....
DAD'S OLD.....
WHATEVER ..... SAYS
..... BUDGET
.....GOT MAD AND

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,522 (or XWORD 474), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

For Victory Offer "Bulletin" (April 13) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,522 Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 1

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

The war multiplied problems for most people. If you have difficulties you cannot solve, let JOHN BULL's experts help you free of charge

Buying a House

"I WANT TO BUY A HOUSE, but I don't know the procedure, legal costs, etc."

✓ First have the house surveyed by some competent person to assure yourself that it is in proper condition and worth the price asked.

You then sign a contract to purchase, subject to examination of title, and pay ten per cent deposit. Your solicitor will examine the deeds and arrange for the completion.

Unless you agree otherwise with the seller, you will have to pay your solicitor's costs. These will be two per cent, plus 10s. per cent stamp duty. If the house is valued at over £500, stamp duty is doubled.

Your solicitor will tell you if the site is likely to be taken by the council under any planning scheme. If you wish to buy through a building society you should make sure that the society agrees before you sign any contract to purchase.

Paid Too Much

"MY FATHER HAS BEEN working on a farm for the last seven years but has recently become unemployed. During the time he was working there, he tells me that he paid 7d. a week for Unemployment Benefit.

"On applying at our local exchange he was informed that he was not entitled to any benefit."

✓ The weekly rate of the unemployment contribution for farm workers is 7d. per week, half of which is payable by the employer. All your father need have paid was 3½d. per week.

If he is under sixty-five he can certainly claim Unemployment Benefit. He should see the manager of the Employment Exchange without delay.

House Destroyed

"ENEMY ACTION IN 1940 made my house a total loss. The War Damage Commission say I must accept a cash payment, but I have refused the sum they offered because I badly need a home.

"Can I continue to agitate for another house instead of cash?"

✓ If the cost of rebuilding would be greater than the 1939 value of the house (as it assuredly would), the War Damage Commission may decide to make a value payment. You cannot compel them to make a cost of works payment.

Forestry Work

"SOON MY SON will be released from the Services. He wants to take up forestry as a career.

"Can you tell me roughly the wages? Are there any vacancies?"

✓ A forester is in a key position and needs high qualifications. A forest worker carries out instructions. He earns about £3 10s. a week.

About five thousand forest workers are needed each year, and about three hundred trained foremen and foresters. You can get full particulars in a booklet issued by H.M. Forestry Commission, obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 3d.

Starting a Pool

"I WANT TO START a football pool. Where do I get a licence? Can I advertise in my local paper?"

✓ It does not appear to be necessary to obtain a licence to run a football pool. If you use any name other than your own it must be registered under the Business Names Act at Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

It is forbidden to publish football coupons in a newspaper. The business must be run on a credit basis.

Illness Discharge

"HAS A NATIONAL SERVICE OFFICER the authority to give a firm permission to discharge a workman who is ill at home? Can the firm legally do this while the man is under the care of a doctor? If so, is the man entitled to any recompense in the form of wages?"

✓ The National Service Officer can give a firm permission to discharge a workman, usually on grounds of redundancy, even while he is ill at home and under the care of a doctor.

The firm can do this, but, if the Essential Works Order applies to the case, the firm is required to give seven days' notice or wages in place of notice.

P.A.Y.E. Re-coding

"LAST YEAR MY income tax code number was 26. I have now been informed that it has been changed to 23. My husband was demobilized at the end of January but has not started work yet.

"Is the code number altered through increase of wages?"

✓ The P.A.Y.E. code numbers will have greater value from April 6, 1946, onwards. Your present code number represents an allowance of £180, whereas 26 on the old scale represented only £155. Code numbers do not necessarily depend upon earnings—they show the employer how much of the wages which he pays you is exempt from tax.

When your husband starts work your code number will be reduced. At present you are getting the benefit of part of his tax allowance as well as your own.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND your general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

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I could not eat nor sleep; in fact I got a complete wreck. I felt properly ill in myself, so I decided to try the tablets, which have made a wonderful change in me.

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